1st Received

WAR MAP OF
EUROPE
GIVEN
FREE WITH THIS ISSUE.

The Post Sunday Special

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No. 477. SUNDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1914. [REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.]

THE GRAND CLASH.

BRITISH WITHSTAND MIGHTY GERMAN PRESSURE.

ENEMY'S SUPREME EFFORT

TO AVERT DISASTER.

The great battle in France continues.

Determined efforts by the Germans to break through the Allies' enveloping left wing, where the British force operates, are being steadily repulsed.

Von Kluck is being reinforced by drafts taken from the German centre, and everything indicates that a frantic, and it may well be final, effort is being made by the Germans to stave off a disastrous retreat.

An attempt by the Crown Prince to slip through the wood of La Grurie has resulted in his force being thrown back.

Letters found on German prisoners, and published by the Press Bureau, show that their condition is now really desperate. Though ready to drop they must march on. Out of one regiment of 3000 only 600 remain.

Progress is being made by the Germans in their siege of Antwerp. In a night attack on Fort Lierre the Belgians sallied out, and with vigorous bayonet charges drove back the Germans with heavy loss.

A British steamer has been sunk by a mine in the North Sea. Nine men are missing. The survivors of a Norwegian steamer, also sunk by a mine, were landed last night at South Shields. Two of the crew were lost.

An effective guard to the mouth of the Thames and the Coast of Belgium is obtained by a minefield laid by the British Navy. This completely seals the southern exit to the North Sea.

The Germans are reported to be evacuating Russian territory. Whole regiments are said to have been drowned in the Niemen, and have lost their siege artillery. The Emperor, it is declared, escaped with great difficulty.

The Russians have again crossed the German frontier. The German positions at Krasnoe, West of Simno, were captured by the Russians in a night attack.

The Montenegrin troops marching on Sarajevo have gained a brilliant victory over the Austrians.

A Japanese mine-sweeping boat has been sunk at Kiaochau after striking a mine. German forts and ships are continually shelling the Japanese army, which is preparing for a big assault on Tsingtau.

Two large German cruisers arrived off Papeete, the chief town of Tahiti, Society Islands. They sunk a French gunboat, which was out of commission, destroyed part of Papeete, and steamed away.

FOUR FRENCH MARSHALS TO BE CREATED.

The French Government have decided to create four Marshals of France. The men selected for this high honour are General Joffre, Commander-in-Chief of the Allied Forces; General Galliani, Military Governor of Paris; General Pau, the one-armed General; and General Castelnau, who has accomplished some splendid work at the front.

RACE FOR A PLACE AT THE FRONT.

How the Last Vacancy Was Filled.

A soldier won a great prize in a foot race that has been decided at Sandwich.

A draft of Royal Field Artillery was being formed to strengthen the force at the front.

Twelve men were wanted, and eleven of the places were filled with difficulty, the difficulty being to choose the men from the number who were anxious to go.

When he came to the last vacancy the officer in command, greatly perplexed, decided to settle the matter by a flat race.

The race was run, and the soldier who won the right of serving at the front was enthusiastically cheered.

Men of Mark.—When it comes to close quarters (says a Paris correspondent) and the British are attacking with the bayonet, many officers and men will hold out a hundred mark note with the request in English—"Please do not kill me. I will give you this."

ENEMY WITHDRAWS TROOPS FROM CENTRE,

AND HURLS THEM ON ALLIES' LEFT WING.

CROWN PRINCE'S ATTEMPT TO SLIP THROUGH FAILS.

Paris, Saturday.

An official French communique issued here to-night says:—

On our left wing the violent action proceeding since yesterday continues, especially in the Roye region, where we repulsed all attacks, although on this part of the front the enemy has been reinforced by drafts taken from the centre of his line.

In the centre there is nothing to report, from Rheims to the Argonne.

The German Sixteenth Army Corps (the Crown Prince's Army), which had tried to slip through the wood of La Grurie, has been thrown back to the north of the Varennes Harazee Vienne La Ville Road.

In the Woevre and on the heights of the Meuse our progress is slow, but continues.

ALLIES ASSURED OF FINAL VICTORY.

WHY BATTLE LASTS SO LONG

Bordeau, Saturday.

It is still on the left wing of the Allies that the violent fighting continues.

According to a message the Germans held Lassicay, half way betwen Roye and Ribecourt ,and are now making desperate efforts to possess themselves of Roye.

For this object they have been considerably reinforced, and at all costs it is necessary for them that they should stem the movemen twhich threatens their extreme right.

The menace against them is becoming terrible. The French are near Arras—that is to say, they have forced their front twenty miles north east of the region of Albert and Coubles.

Early in the week they were not more than thirty-five miles distant from the frontier of Belgium. The pincers are closing.

It would be as well to explain why the battle is dragging along in this way.

A final decision sometimes appears near, and sometimes far distant. It is because the aviators render all surprise attacks extremely difficult. The enemy is nearly always informed by aviators of all important movements of troops and transports.

A gendarme has told me that 500,000 Germans are surrounded, but such hopes are vain. What is certain, however, is that slowly and surely the movements of General Joffre will give us final victory.

ENEMY CLAIMS TO HAVE DISLODGED

The French From Their Positions.

Amsterdam, Saturday.

A telegram from Berlin states that the following official communique was issued by the German Army Headquarters yesterday evening:—

Our western army wing repulsed fresh efforts made by the French to outflank us south of Roye.

The French have been dislodged from their positions.

In the centre of the battle front the situation is unchanged.

Troops advancing in the Argonne obtained substantial advantages in a southerly direction.

East of the Meuse the French from Toul undertook energetic night attacks, but were repulsed.

Before Antwerp Fort Wavre, St Katherine, and the Redoubt Doxpervelde, with intermediate works, were attacked yesterday afternoon at five o'clock.

Fort Waelhem has been invested. The important western outer epaulement at Termonde is in our possession.

In the eastern theatre of war the advance of Russian forces across the Niemen against the Government of Suwalki seems imminent.—P.A. War Special.

The Berlin Lakal Anzeiger says:—Despatches from the western battlefield seem very encouraging, and already it is possible to anticipate the entire destruction of the French Army.

The German soldiers are fighting with the grandest bravery.

The General Staff announces that no correspondent, painter, or photographer will be allowed in future at the German front.—C.N.

GERMAN CAVALRY WORN OUT.

Paris, Saturday.

General Cherfils, discussing the situation in the Echo de Paris, concludes as follows:—

The German cavalry, worn out with fatigue and privations, is incapable of action. The French aviators have won the mastery of the air in the psychological sense, and, finally, the revictualling of the Germans by a single railway is very difficult and insufficient.

M. Marcel Hutin, in the same organ, considers the hour is no longer far distant when the German Army will be forced to take action, the failure of which it is striving desperately to avert.

BATTLE FRONT OF 300 MILES

Paris, Saturday Night.

The battle front along the Aisne is now 300 miles long.

The Figaro states that the German losses in France and Belgium are already as heavy as those sustained in 1870, which were 43,182 killed and missing, and 116,821 wounded.

KAISER'S ORDERS TO WALK OVER

CONTEMPTIBLE LITTLE BRITISH ARMY

Creates Laughter in France.

Paris, Saturday.

A roar of laughter is the reception given here to the publication of the Kaiser's order to walk over Sir John French's "contemptible little army."

The French are the first to acknowledge the great part played by the British Army, and are frankly delighted that they have given the Kaiser's troops a badly-needed lesson.

The German disdain for British amateurishness is the occasion for an amusing article by M. Abel Hermant in the Intransigeant.

"We accept for our comrades this insult," he says, "and consider it as a great compliment. It is precisely against professional militarism which Europe is waging war.

"It is true," continues M. Hermant, "that the British practice was as sport before going to the front. They are accustomed to lunch ata restaurant near the Madeleine. Real shooting lunches they are too! Let us not forget that General Von Kluck and the Crown Prince were to sup in the same restaurant before the end of the month before last. Up to the present I have met there only English and Scotsmen."—Reuter.

KAISER'S GREETING TO HIS SON.

"Boy, Boy, Here You Are."

Copenhagen, Saturday.

A correspondent of the Berlinner Tageblatt witnessed the battle of Verdon on Sept. 24, when Prince Oscar led the Imperial Guards.

Though the Guards fought like lions, says the correspondent, the Turcos climbed trees like monkeys and hid in the leaves.

Germans and Turcos fought and wrestled in a terrible hand-to-hand struggle.

Many German officers fell dead round the Prince, who was taken ill with a serious heart attack.

After the battle the Prince was driven to the Metz Hotel, where he was visited by his father. The Kaiser entered the room with outstretched arms, exclaiming, "Boy! boy! here you are!" and stayed an hour with his son.

ENEMY ON THE DEFENSIVE.

GERMANS MOWED DOWN

IN ATTEMPT TO STORM FORT.

Rotterdam, Saturday.

I have learned highly important news as to the developments of the last two days in North France and Western Belgium.

My informant is a special correspondent who returned early to-day to Maastrecht from the scene of the movements.

Describing his journey from Belgium he stated:—"On Friday afternoon when I left Louvain they told me that six small forts of Antwerp had been assaulted at the cost of many lives.

"Fort Waelhem, by Malines, still holds out. The Belgians suddenly ceased fire, and the [illegible] fort. When within three hundred yards the Germans were absolutely mown down and thrown back.

"It would be more true to say that the Germans in Brabant and North France are being besieged than that they are besieging Antwerp.

"The Belgians have advanced, and the Germans have cleared off, although trenches had been prepared."

ENEMY SUSTAINS HEAVY LOSSES

IN NIGHT ATTACK ON FORT.

Antwerp, Saturday.

The town of Lierre was again bombarded yesterday by Germans. Several houses were struck by shells.

During the night an attack was made on Fort Lierre, but the Belgians sallied out, and with vigorous bayonet charges drove back the enemy, who lost heavily. Thirty prisoners were taken.

The Welken forts were also attacked during the night. They remained silent till the Germans were fairly close up, then the guns opened on the enemy, and compelled them to retire with loss.

The Belgians also had to meet an attack on Termonde during the night. Here again they repulsed the Germans after blowing up a bridge.

At four o'clock this afternoon a Taube aeroplane flew over Antwerp, and was fired at by the forts without being hit.

WEST FLANDERS FREE OF GERMANS.

Amsterdam, Saturday.

West Flanders is now free of Germans.

RELIEF OF DISTRESSED BELGIANS.

The Press Bureau issued the following last evening:—

The Hon. Peter M'Bride, Agent-General for Victoria, Australia, has received a cablegram from his Government authorising him to pay to the Belgian Minister in London a further sum of £5000, which has been raised in Melbourne in connection with the fund opened by the Lord Mayor of Melbourne for the relief of distressed Belgians.

This sum is in addition to the amount of £10,000 already contributed from the Lord Mayor of Melbourne's fund.

The sum in question was duly handed by the Agent-General to the Belgian Minister, who asked Mr M'Bride to express his warmest thanks for the wonderful generosity of Victoria.

K.O.S.B. OFFICER WOUNDED PRISONER.

The Press Bureau last night published a short casualty list, which includes the following:—

OFFICER KILLED—

Captain A De V. Maclean, East Surrey Regiment.

Officer previously reported wounded, now unofficially reported wounded and prisoner:—Second Lieutenant W. G. M. Shewen, K.O.S.B.

"BLASPHEMOUS BULLY OF POTSDAM."

M.P.'S STRAIGHT WORD TO THE KAISER.

Mr Percy H. Illingworth, speaking at a recruiting demonstration at Saltaire last night, said there had never been a more cynical or hellish conception than Germany's idea of a military despotism.

The Cabinet of the House of Commons and every British subject were completely at one that our action was a righteous one, that the blasphemous bully of Potsdam would be taught a lesson, and culture, as understood in Berlin, would disappear from the dictionary.

Yorksmen would assist the nation and Empire in going forward undaunted and undismayed until victory complete and final was attained.

STEAMERS SUNK IN NORTH SEA

BY GERMAN MINES.

FEARED LOSS OF ELEVEN LIVES.

Lloyd's agent at Ostend cables that the British steamer Dawdon, from Hull to Antwerp, is reported sunk by mines in the North Sea. Nine men are missing, and eight brought into Ostend by fishing smack Panne 38.

The Dawdon is an iron screw steamer of 1310 tons, and is 240 feet in length. She is registered at Sunderland. She was built in 1878 by Shrott Bros., Sunderland.

The survivors of the Norwegian steamer Tromoe, who were landed at South Shields last night, report that their vessel was wrecked in the North Sea yesterday morning by striking a mine.

The crew, numbering sixteen, took to the boats, but the second mate and the steward fell overboard and were drowned.

The Tromoe was a boat of 694 tons, and was built six years ago.

BRITISH SEA LOSSES TO DATE

British ships sunk on the high seas by German cruisers:—

By the Emden	10
By Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse	2
By the Dresden	2
By the Koenigsberg	1
By the Karlsruhe	1
Total	16

British and neutral ships sunk in North Sea by mines:—

British	7
Danish	5
Swedish	1
Norwegian	2
Total	15

Fishing vessels captured and sunk in North Sea and neighbouring waters:—

By Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse	1
By torpedo boat	1
By German flotilla	22
Total	24

BRITISH ACTION IS AIMED

AT PROTECTION OF BELGIAN COAST.

Amsterdam, Saturday.

News of British mine-laying in the North Sea arouses considerable interest in Holland.

The opinion in Dutch shipping circles is that the measure, which appears principally designed for the protection of the Belgian coast, will not seriously hamper Dutch navigation.

It is understood the passenger steamers to and from Britain will carry British pilots.

The Handelsblad learns from the management of the Zeeland Steamship Company that [illegible] the steamship route which can be used without any danger by the Dutch ships.

The company intends to continue its service to England, but announces that ships will leave Flushing earlier than heretofore.—Reuter.

RECOGNITION OF DANGEROUS WORK.

By request of the Admiralty the Imperial Merchant Service Guild submitted the names of thirty-six officers of the merchant service for appointment in the mine-sweeping flotilla, and these officers are now engaged in the hazardous duty.

The Guild suggests to the Admiralty that the time they are now serving should be allowed to count for their higher certificates.

A letter to hand from the Admiralty states that this service will count as suggested.

SEA CLEARED FOR BATTLE OF THE FLEETS.

The British Navy has effectually barred and bolted the southern exit from the North Sea by the Straits of Dover.

This is accomplished by laying down a system of mine fields, which is being developed on a considerable scale.

Some such action was a military necessity in view of the action taken by Germany, not since hostilities broke out, but since relations between the two countries became strained.

An enemy ship, masquerading as an innocent merchant vessel, was caught in the act of sowing these agents of destruction in a highway of peaceful commerce early in August, and evidence was obtained that she had been engaged in the task even while our Foreign Office was striving for peace.

Zeppelins and Fleet Invasion Doomed.

The action of the Admiralty means a severe limitation of the freedom of Germany's advance squadrons and flotillas. If the enemy Government ever entertained the idea of advancing on London with the fleet, while Zeppelins—100 or 150 of them, so it was said—sailed in the heavens above, that policy is doomed.

Germany, which needs the use of the North Sea—it is vital to her economic existence—is being hit by her own weapon.

On the other hand, we do not need to use the North Sea; we have all our other ports open, and we control the other routes of the Empire.

The placing of this mine-field does not, however, in the least prevent our fleets from making their periodical swoops through the North Sea, or appearing in the Heligoland Bight.

Nor is the German Fleet prevented from accepting the challenge thus offered. Admiral von Ingenohl will still be able to bring his fleet into the North Sea if he is ready to risk the dangers of the mines he has himself laid, and also the ever-present menace of the Grand Fleet under Admiral Jellicoe.

While the theatre of war in the North Sea is limited, there must still be a very large portion in which fleets can operate, and this is more or less known now only to our own officers.

GERMAN NAVAL STRATEGY.

BRITISH FLEET INVITED TO "COME IN."

New York.

Count Reventlow, the well-known naval writer, publishes his views in the New York World on German naval strategy.

He declares that Germany's policy, so far as the Navy is concerned, continues to be one of watchful waiting.

"The British know where our ships are. If they want to destroy them let them come in and do so."

He adds:—"After the great battle he is sure that Britain will be no longer the greatest naval power in the world."

Count Reventlow predicts that after peace is signed with Russia and France, Germany will continue to struggle with Britain for God knows how long."

107 PASSENGERS SAVED

FROM SINKING BRITISH STEAMER.

Batum, Saturday.

Near Irebizard the Russian steamer Princess Eugenie perceived the steamer Belgian King, flying the British flag, in distress. The Belgian King sank shortly afterwards.

The Princess Eugenie saved the crew and 107 passengers.—Reuter.

KAISER ESCAPES WITH DIFFICULTY.

FIERCE FIGHTING BETWEEN RUSSIANS AND GERMANS.

ENEMY FORCE WOMEN TO DIG TRENCHES.

Rome, Saturday.

A Petrograd telegram states that the Germans are evacuating the Russian territory.

Whole regiments have been drowned in the Niemen, and the Germans have lost their siege artillery.

The Emperor, it is declared, escaped with great difficulty.—Central News.

Amsterdam, Saturday.

A correspondent publishes in the Berliner Tageblatt of 28th September an account of a motor drive through the Governovate of Suwalki.

He says the frontiers of the Governovate are now marked by German frontier posts.

On the morning of August 19 the Russians invested the town of Lyck, taking prisoners fifteen of the most prominent inhabitants, who were sent to Russia.

The Russians plundered the municipal treasury, and demanded a war contribution of 75,000 marks to be paid within twenty-four hours, as otherwise seven of the hostages would be shot. The contribution was paid on the 9th September.

As our troops advanced the Russians disappeared.

During the same night they took up positions in the Sybla forests, but were driven out in the afternoon of September 11.

On the 12th strong Russian forces, with machine guns, attacked us. We had seven companies at our disposal, but tried all the same to march round the hostile forces. This attempt was frustrated by fresh Russian infantry.

Under cover of our artillery, our infantry reached a place of safety. In good time, assistance arrived from Loetzen, which decided the battle. The Russians retreated hastily.

A short skirmish took place near Grajewo, which was of no importance.

Then came the storming of Augustowo, without serious losses, and with this the resistance of the Russians was finally broken.

The retreat of the Russians was marked by burning houses and villages.

The village of Prostken is completely destroyed. The Germans took no reprisals.

The state of the roads in Russia is miserable. In Grajewo the Russians placed in the railway station bombs which did not explode. The inhabitants of Grajewo stood at their doors, gave information, and soon became friends with the soldiers.

Proclamations of our military commander were posted up in German, Polish, Russian, and Hebrew, describing the defeat of the Russians, French, Belgians, and British, and exhorting the inhabitants to drive out "the barbarians who enslaved you, so that your country may regain her political and religious freedom."

Another proclamation fixes the prices of provisions, another asked for information about mines laid by the Russians.

"Should German soldiers suffer by the explosion of these mines Suwalki will be destroyed." The Mayor was arrested for re[illegible]

An official notice has appeared in all the newspapers closing many favourite Sunday excursions of Viennese to the surrounding forest, because the highest points are being fortified.

This has caused much uneasiness, and is creating increasing doubts of the trustworthiness of the official news of victories in Galicia.

Official assurances that these are simply measures of precaution fail to convince the public, who are inclined to believe the most alarming stories.

Rumours are even in circulation that the Court will remove to a more distant point in the interior of the country, and that the work of transferring State treasures and archives has already begun.

Whilst such reports are probably entirely without foundation, they are highly significant as showing the state of public mind.

Cholera makes steady progress, and new cases are reported daily in Vienna, adding to the general alarm. As the censorship prevents the newspapers from telling the truth, and only permits the reproduction of official news of Austrian and German victories, the public distrust is becoming greater.

During the last few days the prices of many articles of food have taken a sudden jump, especially vegetables, which are already double or treble ordinary rates. Count Sturgkh, the Premier, has received a deputation of influential representatives of Austrian industry which urged that immediate measures should be taken by the State to prevent a further unjustifiable advance in the prices of breadstuffs, which are causing much hardship among the poorer classes.

It has been declared that farmers, especially in Hungary, were withholding supplies in order to obtain still more exorbitant prices. Count Sturgkh promised that the Government would do its utmost to prevent such exploitation of consumers.—P.A. War Special.

TO FORTIFY ENVIRONS OF VIENNA.

Rome, Saturday.

A message from Vienna says the military authorities have decided to fortify the environments of the city with all speed.

Officers deduce that it is purely a precautionary measure, but the population is uneasy, and the most alarming rumours are widely circulated.

A great impression has been produced here by a report circulating in diplomatic circles that the Austrian Government, in view of present grave complications, is urging Emperor Francis Joseph to transfer his Court and seat of Government either to Prague or Salzburg.

It is asserted that the Emperor dislikes the project because of the effect it would pro[illegible] Prague [illegible] temporary capital, but at Salzburg the Emperor would have a magnificent castle as residence, but the Government offices would be inconvenient.—P.A. War Special.

CZAR OFF TO SCENE OF FIGHTING.

Petrograd, Saturday.

The Czar has left for the theatre of war.—Reuter.

RUSSIAN SUCCESSES.

RETREAT OF ENEMY BECOMES ROUT.

Petrograd, Friday Night.

Once again the Russians are on German territory, having crossed the frontier on their East Prussian front at Shuchina and Grajewo after expelling the enemy.

The bombardment at Augustow, where the Russians broke through the line of the German advance, ended yesterday afternoon, when, by a determined attack, the Russians completely cleared the neighbourhood of the enemy.

After severe fighting the German positions at Krasnoe, west of Simno, were also captured by the Russians in a night attack.

A night attack by the Germans at Rachka cost them dearly in killed and prisoners.

The battle near Mariampol remains undecided.

The energetic action of the Russians at Naupan and Suwalki resulted in a retreat by the enemy, which at times, under the shock of the Russian cavalry pursuit and the artillery fire, became a disorderly rout.

Obstinate fighting is going on in the Suwalki district, as German reinforcements, hastily rushed forward by rail to Marggrebowa to support the retreating troops, have assumed the offensive on the line Augustow-Suwalki.

The Russians have captured part of a train of provisions and automobiles coming from Ossovets, and have repulsed a demonstrative attack at Mlawa.—C.N. (Passed by Censor.)

GERMAN AVIATORS DROP BOMBS.

Paris, Saturday.

A telegram from Petrograd to the Matin says that out of 200,000 Germans who have been fighting within the last few days against the Russians 60,000 have been incapacitated.

The Petit Parisien, in a telegram from Compiegne, says for the last two days Taube aeroplanes have been flying over Compiegne.

The German aviators have dropped incendiary bombs and explosives on the railway station and the hospitals.

The projectiles, which missed their objectives, caused insignificant damage.

WOMEN ARE FORCED TO DIG TRENCHES,

And Fathers Are Compelled to Shoot Wives, Sons, and Daughters.

Petrograd, Saturday.

A few peasants who have escaped from the Russia-Prussian frontier relate that Russian men and young women are being forced by Germans to dig trenches day and night.

The girls are distributed in the tents of German soldiers. Their food consists chiefly of mouldy biscuits, no sleeping accommodation being provided. The men spend the night in the open air often in the rain. The mortality is heavy.

Many die whilst working. If they protest they are immediately shot, or in many cases bayonetted to save ammunition.

Several incidents are reported in which the inhabitants have been compelled to shoot their wives, sons, and daughters.

Austrians are reported to be perpetrating similar atrocities. At Yuseroff the Austrians set fire to a cottage containing forty men, women, and children. Some were rescued owing to the timely arrival of the Cossacks.

VIENNA IS ALARMED AT PROSPECT

OF RUSSIAN INVASION.

Court May Be Removed.

Venice, Saturday.

The latest reports from Vienna show that the population is seriously alarmed at the prospect of a Russian invasion.

STRICT CENSORSHIP.

The censorship in Austria has been entrusted to military authorities, and it is becoming so severe that it is difficult for anythink to leak out in Vienna.

One is obliged to present news to the censor three hours before publication. Sometimes the censor prohibits the publication of news which has already appeared.

The official agency, and oftener still, the censor, forbids correspondents to telegraph news which has been allowed to be published in Vienna newspapers.—Reuter.

ENDLESS STREAM OF WOUNDED

Arrives in Vienna From Galicia.

The stream of wounded arriving in Vienna from Galicia seems endless. These now include many Germans, who are being greeted enthusiastically.—Reuter.

EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA'S NAME-DAY.

Rome, Saturday.

News received from Austria says the police authorities are making preparations for celebrating Sunday as the name-day of the Emperor. Yellow and black badges are being distributed with the warning that whoever refuses to wear them will be arrested.

The authorities have also ordered many associations and clubs to send spontaneous addresses to the Emperor, while all musical bands have been instructed to play on Sunday morning, beginning with the Imperial hymn. In case they refuse they will be dissolved.—Reuter.

SERVIANS REPULSE AUSTRIANS,

INFLICTING ENORMOUS LOSSES.

Nish, Saturday.

The following semi-official communique has been received:—

Servian and Montenegrin troops marching on Sarajevo have left the Crbmina-Yahirsna-Romania line, and after desperate fighting on the Igricht and Kralieva Gora positions yesterday gained a brilliant victory over the enemy, occupying Valassinitza.

On the Drina-Shabatz front the enemy bombarded Shabatz, and attempted an attack in the direction of Drinova Ada.

The attack was supported by heavy artillery fire and by the monitors. It is computed the enemy must have fired 10,000 shells. Our troops vigorously repulsed the enemy, and inflicted enormous losses on him.

The town of Shabatz was slightly damaged by bombardment.

At Belgrade our troops crossed to the left bank, and, advancing on the enemy's positions at Bejania and Semlin disabled a battery at Bejania, and captured a mountain gun and some machine guns. They then regained their positions.

This operation was carried out for the purpose of preventing the enemy from bombarding Belgrade, and of proving to him the insecurity of his position at Semlin.

Austrians Say Servians Possess Vivid Imaginations.

Amsterdam, Saturday.

The following official statement has been received from Vienna:—

Our troops in Servia have been attacking for the last two days. Till now our offensive against the strongly-fortified enemy in positions safeguarded by barbed wire is proceeding slowly but favourably.

The clearing of regions in Bosnia molested by the Servian and Montenegrin troops and irregulars has been vigorously started, and yesterday a whole Servian battalion was surrounded, disarmed, and captured.

The Servian statement about the annihilation of the 40th Honvred Division is fresh proof of the vivid imagination of the Servians.—P.A. War Special.

GERMAN FORTS AND SHIPS

SHELL JAPANESE ARMY,

WHICH IS PREPARING TO ASSAULT TSINGTAU.

Tokio, Saturday.

It is officially announced that another minesweepin gboat at Kiao Chau has sunk after striking a mine.

A German aeroplane at Tsingtau twice attempted to attack the Japanese vessels, but without result.

A Japanese aeroplane, pursuing it, attacked it with bombs.

German forts and ships are constantly shelling the Japanese Army, which is slowly preparing for a big assault on Tsingtau.—P.A. War Special.

NO RUSSIAN SHIPS LOST OR DAMAGED.

OFFICIAL STATEMENT.

Petrograd, Friday.

The Naval Headquarters Staff publishes the following:—

Since the war began there have been constant rumours about the loss of Russian ships. In almost every case investigation has proved that these reports emanate from newspapers of enemy countries, or sometimes from credulous people bubbling over with gossip invented by evil-disposed elements which seek to alarm public opinion.

The Naval Headquarters Staff declares that all such are absolutely false, for up to the present no Russian ship has been lost or damaged, thanks to the incessant efforts of our fleet.

Notwithstanding the numerical superiority of the enemy's navy, we have baffled all his schemes, the wretched results of which have been a cannonade of Baltic lighthouses, the insignificant bombardment of Libau, and the destruction of the steamer Uleaborg.

In conclusion the communique says:—

The latest information regarding the movement of the fleet may be useful to the enemy. Therefore the meagreness of information on naval operations should be regarded by the public with equanimity.

DE WET MEETING BROKEN UP.

FREE FIGHT AND PANDEMONIUM.

Potchefstroom, October 3.

General De Wet to-day attempted to address a meeting of protest against the Government's action in regard to the war, but the meeting was broken up by the supporters of General Botha.

[illegible] barricaded doors, and threw rotten eggs, dead cats, and bricks through the fan lights. Finally they broke down the doors. Pandemonium ensued, the proceedings terminating with a free fight.

All the lights were extinguished, whereupon the crowd adjourned to the open air, where General De Wet made a second attempt to address the meeting, but was again interrupted by the singing of patriotic songs. Another free fight resulted, with renewed cheers for General Botha.

Later speakers were similarly interrupted.

Subsequently the supporters of General Botha formed a procession, and paraded the streets, making a pro-Government demonstration.

A vote of confidence in the General was ultimately carried amid tremendous cheering.—P.A.

CHILD KILLED BY SHELL.

Private Watts, of the 1st Warwickshire Regiment, said that in a village near St Quintins a young woman carrying a baby was handing a cup of tea to one of the Warwicks when both the soldier and the child in arms were killed by a shell, the narrator escaping.

F. E. SMITH ATTACHED TO STAFF.

The London Gazette supplement last night contains a list of Army appointments, among which is that of Second-Lieutenant Right Hon. F. E. Smith, Oxfordshire Yeomanry (Queen's Own Oxfordshire Hussars), who is granted the temporary rank of Major, and is attached to General Staff Officers, Second Grade.

GERMAN CAVALRY ROUTED BY RUSSIANS.

The battle of Augustova continues to develop with extreme violence, states a Petrograd commique issued last night. A German cavalry division attempted to check the Russian cavalry offenseive. The combat began in the dark, and the German squadrons took to flight, suffering great loss and the rout of their supporting infantry.

GERMAN AIRMEN SAVED AT SEA.

The captain of the Swedish steamer Rima from Gothenberg to Lybeck has rescued two German airmen, who had been on a wrecked waterplane for fourteen hours.

BELGIANS FALL BACK.

The following was received in London from Antwerp:—To the east of the Senne our defence has been obliged to with-draw as far as the River Nethe before violent attack by German artillery, a after a stubborn resistance lasting f days. Our position on the Neth is stron

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KING CONGRATULATES PORTER

On His Six Gallant Sons.

Mr William Slade, commercial porter, Reading, yesterday received the followi letter from Sir William Carrington:—

"The King has heard with the d gratification that you have six gallant serving in His Majesty's Forces. The sends them his congratulations, togethe his best wishes for their success, healt happiness in the noble career they chosen."

Several of the sons served in the African War, when Queen Victoria sen Slade a letter expressing her gratificati

OUR MILITARY EXPERT ON THE SITUATION.

GERMANS HAVE SHOT THEIR BOLT,

AND ARE IN DANGER OF BEING OUTFLANKED ON BOTH WINGS.

RUSSIAN ADVANCE ON BERLIN MAKES PROGRESS

(BY GUY L'ESTRANGE, THE WELL-KNOWN MILITARY EXPERT.)

LONDON, SATURDAY MIDNIGHT.

There is no reason why any home-staying civilians should have misgivings concerning the progress of the war.

On the whole, the people here at home have been almost as stout-hearted, if not always quite as cheerful as the gentlemen in khaki who have been in the thick of the fight. But there were probably a few faint hearts even at Thermopylae, and there were certainly nervous souls in this country whose hearts began to fail them when the Huns of modern Attila were marching on to Paris.

If there was any excuse for nervousness, then certainly there is none now. But if anyone still has the least misgivings about this war, let them consider for a moment in all Christian charity what it must feel like to-day to be in the position of one of the Kaiser's subjects.

We know the Kaiser was vaingloriously hopeful of laying the foundations of a European hegemony by swiftly shattering France into submission, and then turning to strike down Russia. To accomplish this she relied, as our Ambassador's interview with the Chancellor shows, on the servile quiescence of Belgium, who was to stand by while Germany invaded her territory, and the imbecile lethargy of Britain, who was to wait patiently until the time came for her own throat to be cut.

That really was the situation which German diplomacy seems to have expected when the War Lords of Berlin flung nearly the whole of Europe into war.

Fighting on Three Flanks.

If the German armies had been free to spring unimpeded on an unready France while the German Fleet played general havoc along the French coasts it is conceivable that the first part of the Emperor William's programme might have been carried out. Whether Germany would have been equal to the task of crushing the life out of the Russian giant also is a very doubtful proposition.

But none of these things have happened. The Germans, like other very clever people, have been too clever, so that after sixty days of war the position in which the people of Berlin find themselves is this. They are fighting on three flanks. The most serious of these flanks is the sea. Here they have either to risk the almost certain destruction of their expensive fleet, to build which the German taxpayers have been bled to death, or to watch the immense industries which nourish their Empire's trade slowly flicker out.

The British Navy is the extinguisher of the furnace fires of Germany's industrialism. That by itself is a staggering disappointment, and the Germans must realise quite well that nothing, not even the most brilliant victories on land, can alter that unchanging factor.

On Land.

Take the two land flanks. On the west, in France, there is now abundant evidence that the Germans have been not only driven back, but beaten. It is to a large extent a disorganised army that is now desperately struggling to hold a hopeless position in the North of France.

On their east flank the immense Russian Army, with inexhaustible supplies of men and munitions, and flushed with victory, is surging forward with irresistible weight and irrepressible fury.

The situation in the West leaves no ground whatever for doubt. Only soldiers can quite realise what the demoralisation of the German forces in that region, as depicted by our own official despatches, really means.

Our men have absolutely got a contempt for them. And it is justified. The task of containing the entrenched German lines which form the centre of the battle from La Fere to Verdun is being discharged by the French and British troops with comparative ease. The only effect of the German counter-attacks is to encumber the intervening ground with heaps of German casualties.

Germans in Bad Way.

When a competent, and, we may be sure, cautious British officer described them as sometimes resembling a mob, the Germans must be in a pretty bad way.

They have shot their bolt as conquering invaders.

A very satisfactory feature is the repulse of the German attack on the French right flank round St Mihiel, which lies nearly midway between Verdun and Toul. There is small prospect now of the Germans succeeding in opening that side door that was to relieve the congestion of the other threatened lines of communication by giving direct access to an additional German base. Incidentally, it is clearly indicated that the Germans are now in some danger of being outflanked on that flank also.

A Formidable Movement.

The crucial operation on which attention is most concentrated, however, are those far-reaching movements on the Allies' left. This is a truly formidable enveloping movement, and its persistent extension proves that the Allies have now men enough to play with.

A good general idea of the position here may be conveyed by saying

that the Allies are sweeping round the German right in a series of loops running north-west from about La Fere to Arras.

It is possible that the weakness of the German forces in the centre is largely due to the fact that Von Kluck, on the threatened German right wing, has been reinforced with the best troops left in France. He has been endeavouring to extend his flank pari passu with the Allies, and possibly hoping to outflank the outflankers.

Indian Troops at the Front.

The astonishment betrayed in Von Kluck's official despatch at the unexpected reinforcements the Allies have received and the presence of black troops on that wing affords proof that the German Intelligence Department, in spite of all its elaborate espionage, is not so very well-informed after all. We may assume from Von Kluck's latest report that the Germans at some part of this turning movement found themselves up against the Gurkhas and the Sikhs and other born warriors from India. Those who know the Indian fighters best will be inclined to sympathise with the Germans. We may take it that the Indian troops are brigaded with our own Indian divisions. The Germans will find hem fearless fighters. They seem to be inning the hearts of the French people as adily as did our own "Tommy Atkins" hen he first set foot on French soil. Marilles, at least, will never forget the landing the Indian native army, the Gurkhas rching through the streets playing the rsellaise on the queer little bagpipes which ir friends, in the Highland regiments ight them to manipulate in years gone by. Whether the Germans will understand the urkhas is another matter. One is inclined to doubt it. The Gurkhas have a snake-like way of creeping through wire entanglements and paying surprise visits to the enemy's lines in the dead of night that must be rather demoralising.

And the Germans have not yet learnt the esson which the Belgians are teaching them efore Antwerp of charging their wire en- nglements with electricity—a development modern warfare which has resulted in a l many Germans being electrocuted, and h was first exploited by the Russians at Arthur.

The Siege of Antwerp.

e people have been suddenly alarmed e German pretence at a siege at Antwerp. Obviously they are not in a position t down in front of that fort for a serious s just now. They are merely taking the ost effective means of keeping the Belgian Army at home. The persistent reports that the Germans are in a semi-starving condition suggests that their present lines of communication are wholly inadequate. They cannot afford, therefore, to risk having the main line running through Belgium cut even for a day.

There are symptoms in Brussels and elsewhere in Belgium of a moonlight flitting by the German shadow army of occupation. This is probably an intelligent anticipation of coming events. They realise the impossibility of indefinitely arresting or eluding that left flank of the Allies that is sweeping round them like a reaper's hook.

Problem to be Solved.

But they must not delay too long nor unduly weaken their centre. The French are quite capable of and in the mood for a sudden dash which might penetrate their centre and roll up the line on its flanks.

Meanwhile anyone can see at a glance how exposed is the German centre and how far advanced compared with its right flank. The Allies are shutting up that flank like the legs of a pair of compasses, and when the angle at the pivot threatens to become acute it will be high time for the Germans to beat a general retreat. The problem to be solved is whether they will be able to fall back in reasonably good order on new lines, or whether the end of this battle will mean their ignominious withdrawal to positions beyond their own frontier.

Duration of War.

It is curious to note the anxiety of the Indian troops on their arrival at Marseilles last week lest the war should be over before they got into the thick of it. Exactly the same thing happened in the early days of the South African War. The cases are not parallel, however.

It is simply impossible for this war to drag out to the same length as the Boer War. Already there are serious symptoms of internal distress within the Kaiser's stricken dominions, and the Germans' hope of wearing away the British Navy by submarine and aerial attack must be rapidly fading.

Zeppelins are very queer craft to navigate in winter over the North Sea, and the feat of hitting the biggest battleship, even though she were stationary, from a sufficient height to render the airship safe from the guns of the fleet is one calling for very great art and skill.

The British Minefield.

So far as the submarines are concerned the danger from them has been materially lessened by the decision of the Admiralty to place a ring of mines round the mouth of the Thames and at the northern entrance of the Straits of Dover. These precautions are increasingly essential in view of the reinforcements which we are constantly sending to the front.

With the extension of the Allies' left wing northward to Arras, moreover, our transports will very soon be making use of ports on the northern coast of France which were closed to us by the German rush on Paris.

The Russian Steam Roller.

No survey of the situation would be complete did I not make some reference to the developments in the Eastern theatre of war. The first impact has already occurred, and the Russians have been triumphantly successful.

The outlook in the East is, from the German point of view, every bit as black as the outlook in the West. The German advance from East Prussia was treated by the Russians as a grim joke. It was a hopeless side show, but it has already been repulsed.

The beaten Austrians have joined up what was left of their routed forces with fresh Austrian and Hungarian levies, and under the command of the favourite German Generalissimo, with a large number of German troops, the enemy await the coming battle between Cracow and Breslau. The Austrian and German armies will be outnumbered. They will also run serious risks of being outfought.

The Germans themselves can have little confidence in their allies. It remains to be seen whether they are not also outgeneralled. The lessons of the Japanese War have been at least as valuable to the Russians as those of the South African War have proved to us.

In Berlin Before Christmas.

The Russian army is a cohesive and well-organised machine, directed by men whose reputations as strategists stand high. The Russian soldiers are amongst the bravest and most enduring in the world.

But Petrograd is not basing its confidence in the result of the coming battle on mere optimism. The Russians know their strength, and they are using it. If the Germans win this battle they will not have gained much; if they lose it they will have lost nearly everything.

This is not the first time the Russians have set out for Berlin. The last time they duly arrived, and, incidentally, behaved themselves very much better in the German capital than the Germans have done in Brussels and elsewhere. The German plan was to be in Paris by the middle of September; the Russian plan is to be in Berlin by Christmas. Competent authorities believe they may carry it out.

The Russian Temperament.

It only needs Roumania and Italy to yield to the promptings of their public opinion and take a hand in the struggle to render the wreck of German welt-politik complete and absolute.

The spirit of the Russian troops is finely shown by an authentic interview with the first Cossack horseman to receive the coveted Cross of St George. He and two other gigantic Cossacks had a cavalry scrap with 17 Uhlans, and killed every man.

He told the famous journalist who interviewed him in hospital a simple, modest tale of the little exploit, and also that he was a married man with two fine boys. He hoped to get back after Berlin to rejoin his family, "but if not," said he—"well, our Cossack women in these times must get used to accidents."

The incident is worth recording, because it is so characteristic of the Russian temperament.

A British Hero.

But the classic act of bravery in this war still belongs to the British engineer who blew up the bridge the Germans were approaching in overwhelming numbers. Twelve men had attempted the task, only to be shot down by German bullets. When the thirteenth man rushed on to the bridge only two inches of fuse remained. He fired it, and instantly was blown to pieces by the explosion. "He saved others; himself he could not save."

That man deserves a monument to himself as enduring as Rheims and Louvain will prove as monuments to German "culture."

A Fighting Author.—Mr Maurice Drake, author of "W.O." "The Salving of a Derelict," "Wrack," and other stirring tales of the sea, has enlisted in the Kensington Battalion of the Royal Fusiliers (Kitchener's Army).

Ready to Make Coffee.—"Though too old to be of any value as a fighting man, I am prepared to go to the front, even if I have to make the coffee for my commando," declared General Viljoen, a Boer War veteran, at a meeting at Hiedelberg, Transvaal.

PRISONERS TELL OF SUFFERINGS

THEY ENDURED FROM WANT OF FOOD,

AND BEING HARRIED BY FRENCH ARTILLERY.

The Press Bureau yesterday afternoon issued the following descriptive account, which has been communicated by an eye-witness present with General Headquarters, and which continues and supplements the narrative published yesterday of the movements of the British force and of the French Armies in immediate touch with it:—

Playing the Game.

In the presentation of striking contrasts this war is no exception to the rule.

Within sight of the spot where these words are being penned the chauffeur of a general staff motor car is completing his morning toilette in the open, after washing his hands and face in a saucepan, minus a handle, which he has balanced on an empty petrol can. He carefully brushes his hair with an old nail brush, using the window of the car in which he has slept as a looking glass.

From the backward sweep he gives his somewhat long locks, and judging by his well-cut and clean but dull brogue shoes, it is clear that he has once been a "knut," in spite of his oil-stained khaki service jacket and trousers. He is, in fact, an ex-public school boy, who enlisted for the war to do his bit for his country, and a right useful part he is playing.

A Remarkable Feature.

The resignation with which many of the inhabitants accept whatever happens is a remarkable feature of the situation. They seem in no way perturbed by the incursion of strange officers and men billeted on them, whose presence, even if they appear in the shape of deliveries, must be at least a great inconvenience at the dinner hour.

Yesterday in a house, which at ordinary times, is a second-class cafe in a small country town, this trait was exhibited to a curious degree. The main entrance of the cafe opens on to a combined entrance hall and kitchen, containing a long zinc-covered table, and furnished with a large cooking range.

Whilst the officers billeted in the house were eating lunch and smoking in the salon, next door a continuous stream of orderlies, motor cyclist despatch riders, intelligence agents, telegraph operators, and staff officers were passing through the hall. One soldier servant was frying something at the range, and others were slicing tomatoes and onions at one end of the table.

Quite unperturbed, amidst a cloud of flies, the patron, his wife, and family were discussing their own dejenner with gusto immersed in their own affairs, and also in a shower of grease, for they were eating artichopes, each petal of which was first dipped in a bowl of melted butter, and conveyed to the mouth with a flourish.

A Different Picture.

There was so much noise and smell that it was impossible from inside the house to hear the incessant booming of the guns within half a mile of this bustling scene.

Palpitating with life, however, was a different picture. In the clearing hospital to which the wounded had been brought from the dressing stations behind the firing line were rows of our wounded men.

In here there was no difficulty in discerning the distant roar of artillery, with which the air outside quivered. It is always instructive to regard matters from the opposing point of view, and the following further extracts from letters of prisoners may be interesting:—

In all the places we passed through we found wounded and many parties of men with bandaged arms and hands. On 15th September we reached a village in which we thought we should get some rest, but we had hardly gone to the field kitchen for food when shrapnel started bursting near our regiment, which was in close formation. We at once sought cover in some houses. At six o'clock our company was ordered to move up to a wood in order to protect our artillery, which was coming into action in a field, the rest of the battalion marching northwards.

Only 80 Out of 250 Left.

On the 16th we advanced covered by our guns. The enemy was hidden in bushes, and some were firing from houses into our trenches, which were not more than one hundred yards from the village.

To my right and left wounded comrades were complaining bitterly that the enemy, shooting from the houses, found too easy a mark in us. If we assumed an upright position we were immediately fired on. Two of our soldiers endeavoured to carry a wounded man to the rear. One was killed and the other was wounded in the attempt.

Soon the enemy's bullets began to get us from the right, and after about one hour, during which time the company lost about twenty-five men, we were forced to retire. This brought our total strength down to eighty. We started with 251 men. We had no officers left.

All That Was Left of Them.

On the 18th at 4.30 a.m. we reached the village, where we thought we expected to be able to rest, and collected some straw. Before half an hour had passed, however, shrapnel again found us out. We spent the afternoon in the village, which was continuously under shell fire, in spite of the fact that our guns were shelling the enemy's artillery. We heard our Colonel say our guns could not get at those of the enemy satisfactorily, as the latter were so well concealed.

Our condition is now really awful, for we have to lie out in all weathers, and are all looking forward to a speedy end. We are very badly off as regards food. Some of our regiments can only muster three to four companies.

(The enemy referred to are French.)

Absolutely Done Up.

Another letter, written during the retreat in front of the French from Montmirail, contains the following:—

After 56 hours' march we had a rest, and arrived just in time for the fight. For three days we did not have a hot meal. We got a hot meal yesterday evening. Though we are all just ready to drop we must march on.

Yet two more extracts:—

We found great quantities of food, but for fear of poison did not take possession of it until we had got hold of the proprietor of the house and forced him taste it.

We are near Rheims, after having gone this hard, bloody, and most horrible days. Thank God I am still alive. Of our regiment of 3000 men there are now only 1600. Let us hope this battle, which ought to be the greatest in history, will leave me safe and well and give us peace. I am absolutely done, but we must not despair.

DISARMED FRENCH GUNBOAT SUNK.

In an official communique issued by the Ministry of Marine at Bordeaux it is stated that on 22d September the German cruisers Scharnhorst and Gneixnau, off Papeete, in the Island of Taniti, sank the small French gunboat Zelee, which had been disarmed since September 14, and was consequently without guns or crew.

The German cruisers then bombarded Papeete, which is an open town, after which they stood out to sea.

As all the ports are occupied by Anglo-French forces the revictualling of German cruisers will speedily become impossible. They will then have to try their strength with the cruisers of the Allies, which are pursuing them across the Pacific.

16-YEAR-OLD SOLDIERS.

Paris, Saturday.

Germany is raising a new force composed of boys of sixteen years of age.—Exchange.

STUCK TO HIS POST TILL KILLED.

Lance-Corporal Pettit, of the King's Royal Rifles, who was shot through the head, but is making a good recovery, said that Sergeant Kinder, of his battalion, after receiving three bullet wounds, continued to work the maxim guns until he was struck by a shell and killed.

KING AND QUEEN VISIT

MEN WOUNDED IN NAVAL DISASTERS.

CARPENTER'S WONDERFUL ESCAPE.

The King and Queen, who visited the wounded at Chatham yesterday, lunched with Admiral Sir Richard Uoore, Commander-in-Chief at the Nore, and were received at the Royal Naval Hospital by Surgeon-General A. J. J. Johnston and the principal officers. Their Majesties spent nearly an hour in the wards, where there are between forty and fifty wounded, the majority being from the crusier Amphion, blown up by a mine; from the cruiser Arethusa; and the destroyers Laurel and Liberty, which took a prominent part in the sea fight off Heligoland, and the cruisers Cressy and Aboukir, destroyed by German submarines.

Their Majesties conversed with each of the patients, and manifested special interest in one named M'Whirter, who, before the war, was a carpenter at the hospital.

M'Whirter was on the Aboukir when she was torpedoed, and swam first to the Cressy, and then to the Hogue, reaching each vessel just as she was blown up.

After being nearly two hours in the water M'Whirter was picked up by a boat, but had his foot crushed between the boat and a destroyer in attempting to get aboard the latter.

The King also had a chat in the surgeons' dayroom with Commander Frank Rose, of the Laurel, who was badly wounded in the Heligoland battle, and expressed his satisfaction that the officer was approaching convalescence.

Their Majesties, on their return journey, visited Fort Pitt Military Hospital, Chatham, where they were received by Lieutenant-Col. H. A. Haines, the medical officer in charge. There are nearly 250 patients, of whom over one hundred wounded or sick are from the front.

Sixty-five non-commissioned officers and men and five officers are, however, German naval and military prisoners of war, including several from the Heligoland fight. Three bouquets were presented to the Queen, two by the daughters of officers, and one by the nursing sisters.

FOXHUNTER'S STRANGE EXPERIENCE.

Among the patients with whom the King conversed yesterday at Fort Pitt Military Hospital, Chatham, was Mr Frederick Tomkins, a well-known East Kent fox hunter. He enlisted with the 6th Dragoon Guards when the war broke out, and was under fire practically every day from 18th August till 15th September, when he was wounded.

Mr Tomkins was often in the saddle from three in the morning till ten o'clock at night, and once had a spell of forty-eight consecutive hours.

He took his hunter Kedir with him. The horse was struck between the eye and ear by a bullet during the fighting near Compiegne, but after spinning round twelve times as if about to drop went on as if nothing had happened. The bullet in his skull apparently did not trouble Kedir, as his owner rode him every day until he left the seat of war.

Mr Tomkins has undergone an operation for a shrapnel shell wound, and he is progressing favourably.

Another patient was Private Ketcher, of the Queen's Royal West Surrey Regiment, who escaped dangerous injury whilst in a building, although a German shell blew off the heads of four of his companions, three of whom were Highlanders.

GREAT AND TERRIBLE SACRIFICES

WILL BE REQUIRED OF US,

Says Bishop of Lichfield.

In a pastoral letter issued yesterday the Bishop of Lichfield (Dr Kempthorne) says—

"Our navy has justified our confidence in the watchfulness and cool courage of our sailors, our army has taken a glorious part in repelling the cruel invaders of France, the manhood of our nation has made a fine response to the call for help.

New Lessons.

It may be that we may yet have to face reverses and disappointments.

It is certain that great and terrible sacrifices will be required of us, but there is good to come out of the agony and suffering if we have the penitence and faith to find it.

At least we have been shaken out of our selfishness and contempt of God. We have learned to think differently about the poor, and are gaining new lessons about brotherhood.

The accounts of hideous brutality in Belgium and France make our blood boil. We need not believe all that is written, but if a tenth part of the stories is true it is bad enough, and the crimes of Louvain, Termonde, Dinant, and Rheims are beyond doubt.

Tyranny of Prussian Militarism.

We are justified in pointing to them as a proof of the hateful tyranny of Prussian militarism, with its doctrine that might is right, and that any fraud or brutal cruelty is justifiable in war. They may rightly strengthen us in our resolve to go forward until this foul blot on Christian civilisation is washed out.

The spirit of revenge is not Christian. The wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God. All may be perfectly certain that our men and the soldiers of our Allies will not attempt to repay these outrages in kind. They will not bombard Cologne Cathedral, nor kill women and children, but will show that even the stern business of war can be conducted with humanity and chivalry.

RUSSIAN BAYONET CHARGES.

Petrograd, Saturday.

Russian infantry, as the result of the brilliant bayonet charges, are driving the Germans back into East Prussia in the direction of Lyck.

The infantry also charged the besiegers to Augustovo, compelling them to abandon their camp.

Lyck is in East Prussia, nine miles north of the Russian frontier.

FIJI'S GIFT.

The Press Bureau issued the following last evening:—

The Governor of Fiji has notified the Secretary of State for the Colonies that further sums of £2000 and £1000 have been remitted by telegraph to the Prince of Wales' National Relief Fund as the second and third contribution from the people of the Fiji Islands to the fund, making, with the first contribution, a total of £4000.

AMERICAN ATTACK ON GERMAN PRACTICES.

New York, Saturday

In a leading article, the New York Herald vigorously attacks the German practice of levying money on helpless Belgian towns, and of imprisoning Mayors when money is not forthcoming.

It may be a sign of lack of culture on our part, says the Herald, but the Americans can't help feeling the practice smacks of the days of Genghiz Khan.

No Place Like Home.—A West Country Regiment of Territorials has just been increased by the formation of a new battalion, and the necessary horses have been commandeered from all parts of the neighbourhood. Last week one of the recruits who was learning to ride found himself in difficulties with his charger, which bolted with the novice clinging round its neck. The riding master, seeing the unauthorised manœuvre, called out, "Hi, you, where are you going?" "I doan't know, zur," panted the scared recruit, "but the 'orse 'e comes from Gloucester."

ECHOES OF THE FIGHT.

A strike has occurred at some works at Llanelly as a protest against the employment of a German.

Earl Kitchener visited Mr Asquith at 10 Downing Street yesterday morning, and had a long interview with him.

Major Von Manteuffel, who ordered the burning of Louvain, is said to have been recalled.

Five Japanese officers are to be attached to the staff of Field-Marshal Sir John French.

Russia has captured seventy-three German and thirteen Austrian merchant vessels since the outbreak of war.

Earl Brassel, who is aged seventy-eight, went to Rouen a few days ago in his yacht Sunbeam with Red Cross stores, and brought back to England some wounded British officers.

Among a score of German wounded prisoners who have arrived at Manchester Military Hospital is a German officer. He was in a great rage at being brought to this country, and his temper was such that he has been placed under a separate guard.

At a meeting of financial magnates in London the other day, the chairman was a naturalised German, the vice-chairman another, and every other speech was punctuated with a guttural lisp.

Keep Tommy's Pipe Going.—"Thank God, I didn't get one in the jaw. I can smoke." Thus a wounded Tommy Atkins, who lay puffing at his pipe as he waited to be transported to hospital. He had a bullet in the left arm and another in the leg. But he did not mind. He could smoke.

Sentry Dogs for the Army.—A number of fine sentry dogs have left Major Richardson's kennels at Harrow for service with the army. They will be used for night sentry work, and in foggy weather for guarding camps, railways, and lines of communication. Their hearing and scenting powers are extraordinarily acute.

Pigeons for Government.—There are 40 homing pigeon societies in Birmingham, with a membership of 20,000. The Birmingham and Midland Federation have inaugurated a homing pigeon voluntary national post, and 30,000 homing and carrier pigeons have been placed at the disposal of the Government.

The Fortune of War.—A remarkable history attaches to three tramcar drivers in the employ of the Croydon Corporation. All three were naval reservists. One was called up to serve in the Cressy, another to the Amphion, and the third to the Aboukir. By sheer accident the first two missed their ships, while the last was rescued when the Aboukir was torpedoed and is now at home again.

Colonel Gordon, V.C.—The many friends of Colonel W. E. Gordon, V.C., A.D.C. to the King, of the Gordon Highlanders, will be glad to learn that, although twice unofficially reported as killed, he is a prisoner in Germany, and is well. The news was conveyed through the courtesy of the Ambassador of the United States at Berlin, by the kindness of His Highness the late regent of Brunswick, to Mr A. A. Gordon (Colonel Gordon's brother), private secretary to the Duke of Wellington.

An Unexpected Capture.—A little Tayside chap of eight, just struggling to read the papers, is intensely interested in the war news. His first duty each morning is to get the newspaper and read the headlines. These he memorises wonderfully, and then he recites them to his pater while he shaves. The other morning he was apparently stumped by the word Jaroslav, the heading reading "Russian Flag Flies at Jaroslav." However, after careful scrutiny, he dashed upstairs and shouted "Daddy! The Russian Flag is flying at Jerusalem!"

'Phoning to Sir John French.—The War Office is now in touch with the British Army headquarters in France by telephone. Everyone can realise the work that must go on in transmitting reports, messages, requisitions, and so on by couriers in swift motors, by cables and land wires taken over for military use, and perhaps, as in the case of the Admiralty and the Grand Fleet, by wireless telegraphy. But the idea of Lord Kitchener coming to the War Office at nine in the morning, taking down his telephone receiver, and talking over the business of the day with Sir John French is a staggering novelty.

"Say When, John!"—Second to the rally of the South African Dutch, the most remarkable example of the unity of the Empire is the view that the Sydney Bulletin takes of the war. Its theory is that the Kaiser, after posing peacefully as a second Frederick the Great for twenty-six years, has blundered into war by mistaken bluffing. In the cartoons we find plenty of evidence of the Bulletin's point of view. One drawing represents John Bull with bare fists and a German with spiked helmet and drawn sword about to engage in mortal combat alongside a high wall. Over the wall hangs Australia holding a big stone over the German's head. The legend is, "Say when, John!"

CAMERONS IN TIGHT HOLE

IRISH REGIMENT'S DASH TO THE RESCUE.

Fierce Bayonet Charge in the Dark.

A Cameron Highlander wounded in the fight on the Aisne describes how in the nick of time they were saved from disaster by the heroism of the Royal Irish and Connaught Rangers.

He says—"For about a week the Germans had been treating us to night attacks on the position where we were posted, and I suppose it was thought we had to stand treat to them.

"Anyhow we were paraded one pitch dark night and set out in the direction of what were guessed to be the German position from which there had been some hot rifle and shell fire during the day.

Checking Bearings by the Stars.

"It was slow work, and the men had to be halted every now and then to enable the guides to check their bearings by the stars.

"About three o'clock we came to a slope leading up from a stream. The men in advance reported a suspicious movement ahead, and shortly afterwards we stumbled right on top of a big body of Germans stealing along as quietly as we were going. They were up to the same game, only they were heading for our camp, while we were looking for theirs.

A Bayonet Charge.

"We fired first, and before they had time to recover from their surprise we closed on them with the bayonet, driving them over the crest of the hill in confusion. They took ground under the protection of a strong cavalry force, and opened fire all along the line. The artillery began to sing out also all round, and encouraged by the cavalry, made a rush for us. They came at both flanks, while the infantry patted us in front, and it was a bad look out for us, as we were hopelessly outnumbered.

"To add to the confusion, rifle fire was heard on our left, and we knew that if they were Germans we were about done for.

"The firing came nearer, and the German horsemen got to grips with us. We got orders to lie low, and not to shoot unless we were sure of hitting a German.

"There was another frightful roll of rifle fire from the force on our left, and the advancing German horsemen went down in all directions. We heard wild cheering, which could only come from British throats, and through the disordered ranks of the German cavalry men of the Irish and Connaught Rangers came charging to our assistance.

"We were never so glad to see our own uniform as we were that night, and after that we were able to set to work and give the Germans a good hiding. We drove them out of the way, and finally swept them from their original position after a fight that lasted until sunset that day.

"Their losses were appalling, and though I would not like to say ours were light, they were as nothing compared with theirs."

About Krupps.—Krupps, the gunmakers, who build the leviathan howitzers, with which Liege and Namur were shelled, employ in normal times of peace 80,000 workpeople, make nearly £2,000,000 profit per annum, and spend about £350,000 a year on their workpeople's pension, holiday, and Christmas funds.

SOLDIERS' THRILLING NARRATIVES

Of Experiences on Battlefield.

"ONE CONTINUED FIGHT."

Bombardier T. Saunders, of the R.H.A., in a letter to his father, says:—

We are under fire night and day. No doubt we are getting the best of it, but we are shelled out and are shelling continuously. Chaps who were in South Africa say that this is nothing but slaughter compared with that. It is one continued fight. We have lost quite a lot of horses, but have been very fortunate with men.

We captured 3000 Germans this week. They are like bees. They roll up in thousands, and their dead lie about in hundreds. As we advance our columns bury their dead, and our R.A.M.C. attend to their wounded. They are dirty tykes. They loot everything, burn all villages they pass through, and kill innocent French peasants like dogs.

BRITISH SOLDIERS IN CAPTIVITY.

How Our Men Are Faring in Germany.

Interesting details of the daily life of British soldiers who are prisoners of war at Doberitz are given in the Vossische Zeitung.

The men are at present living in tents in open fields, and are employed in cutting down trees and sawing up the wood. They are also building wooden huts.

All materials for this purpose are carefully checked by the military authorities, who propose to send the bill to Britain!

Some British prisoners who were captured at Charleroi were taken to that town by train, and were surprised to find the place in the hands of the Germans. The journal, which writes in a very good-natured manner, refers to the prisoners as "Tommy" in almost every paragraph.

Others of the prisoners, it says, are engaged in agriculture, weeding gardens, or repairing roads. Each party is under a British non-commissioned officer, who is only required to smoke a cigarette and look on, with one German as a guard.

Two British surgeons look after the health of the men.

British officers are detained in fortresses, and are attended by their own servants, who are selected from the imprisoned British soldiers. The officers fare according to their means of payment.

THREE AGAINST FIVE.

Private's Tribute to Officers.

Private Matthew Ferguson, of the 20th Hussars, writing to his wife at Selby, tells the following story of hand-to-hand fighting:—

Private's Tribute to Officers.

I was on patrol duty the other day. There was a chum of mine, an officer, and myself. We met five German Uhlans going down the road. They were in front of us, so we got on the grass on the side of the road and galloped right on top of them. They saw us when we were about eight yards away. They tried to get away from us, but we were into them. Our officer got the first one with his sword, and as the German fell out of the saddle the officer's horse fell over him. That left me and my mate for the other four. Even then they would not face us. All the better for us. I got the next fellow. I put my sword right through him, and my mate did the same with another. Then we went after the other two.

Both of us got up to one of them at the same time, and he got both swords through him. He did try to defend himself, for he got me on the lip with his lance and knocked two of my teeth out and took a piece out of my lip. It was not much, but he will never take any more pieces out, for he got both our swords into him.

While we were trying to draw our swords out the last of the Uhlans got off his horse and tried to escape in the woods. I fell off my horse in my haste trying to get up to shoot him. All the same I shot him through the head and he was as dead as a door nail when I got up to him. He was an officer.

We have a fine lot of officers. They don't ask you to go where they won't go themselves. That is where the Germans are let down. Their officers keep behind them and above them on.

DEAD LIEUTENANT'S OPTIMISM.

Second-Lieut. C. L. MacKenzie, of the Highland Light Infantry, is mentioned as being among the killed.

A melancholy interest therefore attaches to a letter dated the 13th inst. which his father received from him on the evening of that day.

It is a boy's letter, the writer being only 22 years old at the time of his death.

Lieut. MacKenzie wrote:—

"There is really no need for you to be anxious. The actual horrors of war are greatly exaggerated, but there is a great deal of discomfort in losing one's things and getting meals at odd times, and a lot of marching and sleeping out at night, no washing or change of clothes, &c. Most of the time the weather has been extremely hot, but the last two days soaking wet, which was miserable, as one never gets dry. This morning there is a very watery sun and a cold wind, also probably more rain will come.

"We are now following hard on the heels of the Germans, and every village they come to they break open all the houses and steal everything eatable, so when one comes along there is nothing to be bought, no eggs, hens, or milk; and chocolates, matches, and tobacco are absolutely unobtainable. When I get back I shall divide up my time between eating, sleeping, and washing, changing my clothes, and driving about—the direct opposite of what happens here."

Outside the envelope these words were scribbled—"Many thanks for parcel received to-day. It contained everything I want, except perhaps, matches."

GERMAN GUNNERS CUT TO PIECES.

A Magnificent Charge.

A driver of the Royal Field Artillery, who has arrived at Burton from Woolwich Hospital, gives an account of a thrilling incident at Compiegne:—

Most of the boys were at the bottom of a hill, when looking up we saw the enemy at the top getting their guns into line. They commenced banging away, and fifty of our men were picked off before we could look round. We dashed under a haystack for cover, but we could not be long there before our captain—he was a hero—shouted—"Now, you men who are not wounded, let us give them some of this before we go." "This" was a British gun lying seven or eight yards away from a haystack. Every man who was in a position to help left the shelter of the haystack, and worked hard at the gun. I had not handed more than three or four shells across before I was hit by a bullet from a bursting shell, and had to get back to the haystack.

A wounded lieutenant was there, and although he was dying he insisted on bandaging my arm. As soon as he had put me right he turned over and died. The sergeant, who had been very good to me, was torn to pieces by a shell a few minutes later. The captain and sergeant-major were now firing the gun. Suddenly a shell cut the captain's legs clean off, and one of the bravest men who ever stepped left us.

We were just giving up all hope when a squadron of our cavalry came along and charged the German guns. Many of the poor chaps were killed, and the horses were simply mowed down. What was left of our cavalry cut the German gunners to pieces. It was a magnificent, if terrible, charge, and there is not a man of the squadron but deserves the Victoria Cross.

IRISH FUSILIER TELLS HOW HIS COUNTRYMEN

Got Sick and Shy When Cheered by French.

A private of the Royal Irish Fusiliers writes to his mother at Clonmacate, County Armagh:—

"It's very little love, indeed, there is lost between us and the Germans, and when they get to grips with Irish soldiers they don't get much chance of saving their skins. The things the Germans do in Belgium are ten times worse than anything you ever heard tell of '98, and there's few Irishmen who can stand what they've done without wanting to tear them to bits in good honest fighting.

"We saw the Irish Guards give the Germans a fine basting at Compiegne, and we were proud of the way they behaved. When they came back to our lines after it was over they had a grand cheer from all of us, and the French troops, who were nearer to the fight and saw it better than us, weren't behindhand in giving our boys a good pat on the back.

"It would have done your heart good to see the Frenchmen standing up in their trenches and shouting like mad as the Guards passed by. The poor chaps got shy and sick of all the fuss that was made over them. They didn't like the idea that it was their first time on active service and that they were only babies at fighting, and there were many a row in the camp that night over men saying fine things about the Guards and reminding them of the fact that they never had any battle honours before that day.

"The Germans aren't 'stickers' by any means, and they'll get tired of it sooner than we will. Some of their men are a low, drunken lot, and it's terrible the way they behave in the churches and graveyards about here."

BELGIANS TESTIFY TO GERMANS

Finishing off Wounded.

Something of what Belgians have suffered at the hands of the Germans is described by two young Belgian soldiers, both of whom have been wounded in the fighting, in Belgium, who are at present staying at Marple.

Neither of the two young soldiers has yet reached the age of 22 years, and one—a seventeen-year-old cavalryman—has been wounded twice—once by cold steel in a bayonet charge in the fighting at Namur.

In company with his Belgian countryman and a wounded private of the 1st Cheshires, Private Arthur Leah, a Stockport man, who met his injuries in the fight at Mons, the seventeen-year-old Belgian lad described some of his experiences.

"We set out," he remarked, "in the early morning and were having breakfast when we were told the Germans were near us. There was only a squadron of 288 of us, whilst the Germans were in big numbers, but our orders were to fight to the end. My brother, who was captain of the squadron, was by my side when we met the Germans, and one German sergeant got near to him and shot him.

"I tried to give him a blow with my lance, but he hit me with his lance on the forehead, causing a wound, of which the scar is still to be seen. My horse was shot, and I fell on the ground. Notwithstanding that I was wounded and lying there, a German cavalryman came back and stuck a bayonet in my arm, the blade going right through. When I came to myself it was to find that I was in the Red Cross ambulance."

He said that of the gallant 288 who formed that particular squadron only seven returned alive. He was captured by a German patrol and taken to their quarters.

The young soldier subsequently escaped, and and after a long march arrived at the Belgian lines.

Regarding the reports of German atrocities, he said he had seen German soldiers plunge their bayonets into wounded enemies and "finish them off."

THRILLING CHARGE.

Germans will Not Face the Bayonet.

A striking story of incidents in the Aisne battle is told in a letter written by a Bolton soldier, Lance-Corporal William Howarth, of the 2d Lancashire Fusiliers.

After four days' heavy fighting, he says, they charged the first row of trenches with the bayonet, and they were going on to the second trench when he got the magazine and bolt of his rifle knocked to pieces. The letter continues:—

"I unfixed my bayonet, and picked up a dead comrade's rifle, when my bayonet was hit and broke in two. But I have the pleasure in keeping the broken pieces. I was wounded between the first and second trenches, and I lay there from about 3.50 p.m. until 9.30 p.m.

"We captured a lot of their wounded and took a lot of prisoners, but if I had anything to do with them they wouldn't live more than a minute after what they have done. Every town and village they have looted, and they have set fire to the churches. They have molested women and children and shot their husbands.

"In one village they took a seven days' old child from the bedside of its mother, cut its body, fixed it on the top of their bayonets, and carried it through the village.

"Prisoners told us they had six killed to our one. They say they would not fight at all only their officers point their revolvers at them and make them fight. The German soldiers will face fire all day, but they will not face the bayonet a minute."

DEATH-ROLL AMONG OFFICERS HEAVY.

In a letter to his relatives a staff officer at the front says:—

"We are still perched on a high ridge above the Aisne River; we have been here for three days, and get shelled unmercifully. We had 200 casualties in this brigade alone on the 15th and 16th; only four of the original lot of officers now remain, and in the whole brigade we have 29 company officers instead of 96. It makes you think a bit. Of course, a large number are sick and wounded.

"I do wish they would publish the names of regiments, &c., in the papers. They nearly drive us mad. By the way, all our transport is on the other side of the river. I have worn one shirt for three weeks now. Do send me three khaki shirts, and if you are in touch with societies some socks for the men. We don't seem to get any of these things from the base.

Country Pillaged.

"The awful part of the war is the way in which inhabitants get killed, and the Germans pillage their houses beyond recognition. If the doors are locked they break them down. The individual soldiers are not really cruel, I believe, to the French peasants. They only pillage their houses and take all food. How the poor creatures will live during the winter I can't imagine. What a lovely country this was—all vineyards and woods. I hope the Germans will pay heavily for all the trouble they are causing.

"One of our divisional staff had his horse's head blown off yesterday; he got on another one, and then that had the near hind leg broken. What times we do live in! The people admire are the doctors. They are all good in the brigade, bar one. The enemy make a point of shelling churches with long-range guns and high explosives, and as the wounded are usually collected in them they often get a bad time."

A later communication from the same officer says:—"We are having a rest after a week in the trenches. Weather getting cold and all groceries gone. Please send soap, newspapers every day, and small baskets of food and cigarettes. We can buy nothing, all the country being pillaged. We have captured a lot of Germans lately. They all seemed pleased to be captured."

LATEST FROM LONDON.

MOVING SCENE OF LOYALTY.

A WAVE OF QUIET CONFIDENCE.

(BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

London, Saturday Midnight.

sasters threatening one can read o[illegible] signs on the faces of those who are permitted to glance behind the scenes, and I was particularly struck to-night by the air of quiet confidence which mingled with the gravity of King George and Queen Mary on their return to Buckingham Palace. Their Majesties seemed to inspire the crowd which assembled to watch for their coming with the feeling that all is well at the front, and that slowly but surely, feather by feather, the wings of the German vulture were being plucked.

The loyal cheers of thousands of their Majesties' subjects testified to the love in which the sailor King and his consort are held, and neither are likely to forget the scenes of the long ride through thronged streets from Rochester and the naval town of Chatham to Gillingham, where they chatted with the wounded in the Royal Naval and Military Hospital.

King George wore the uniform of a naval officer, which reminds me that in service circles it is freely stated that our sailor King has been full of regrets that circumstances will not allow him to do his share of fighting on the quarter-deck.

Soldier and sailor, too, like Sir John French, King George looks back on his days in the navy as among the happiest he ever spent, and, like others who have sailed under the White Ensign, he hears the call of the sea when the storm is surging and duty is to be done.

Von Kluck Doomed.

The wave of confidence passing over the country has grown in volume by the increasing effort of the public to read between the lines of the somewhat meagre reports which for the last day or two have been issued from headquarters. On the morning trains, which bring thousands of Londoners to business each day, the carriages have been turned into small debating societies. Men who rarely spoke to one another eagerly strive to set forth their views of the progress. War levels all ranks, even on South-Eastern and Chatham, and as a constant traveller on the line I find the general view is that the battle of the rivers is nearing the end, that the German army is deficient in leadership, artillery accuracy, aerial scouting, and that before long General Von Kluck, who had charge of the flower of the German army, is doomed, through the pluck and determination of General French's "contemptible little army."

Tommy and His Monocle.

On the subject of war levelling all ranks, on a certain well-meaning but notoriously slow railway, I was the eye-witness of an incident which was more eloquent of the response to Lord Kitchener's appeal than anything I have yet seen. At New Cross Station a number of recruits in khaki entrained for Waterloo on their way to Aldershot. One of the number, no more distinctive than the Tommy in the corner, with a decidedly Shoreditch accent, pulled a pink sporting sheet from one pocket, fumbled about in another, produced a gold-rimmed monocle, screwed it into his eye, and settled down to read.

Not a snigger nor a glance from one of the recruits marked the failure to break from bit on the part of their new chum, but I noticed that they called him "Joey," and he referred to the speakers as Bill or Dick.

Scotland Yard and Spy Hunts.

Touching on the spy crusade, a Scotland Yard officer informs me that a good deal of unnecessary and unpleasant work is organised by faked reports sent in anonymously for no other purpose than to further the object of a private grievance. Many of the letters received at the Yard bear the stamp of feminine calligraphy. Fortunately Scotland Yard is able to deal with these cases

Special Constables on the Road.

The extreme vigilance of special constables in the country districts has been somewhat relaxed, and motorists who have the misfortune to be pulled up as often as six times in a couple of miles are beginning to get more liberty. Regarding the manner in which some motorists resented the challenge, I can vouch for an amusing occurrence on the main road from Hastings to London. Pulled up by a zealous scout, a driver when asked for his license informed the constable somewhat haughtily that he was a special correspondent of a well-known illustrated paper.

The reply of the man with the armlet was that he was a London editor, and he desired, as a special constable, his license. After reading the name he handed it back with the assurance that the motorist could tell his editor that Mr So-and-So had unfortunately been compelled by duty to delay him.

Mystery of the Monument.

A great deal of conjecture has been occasioned on account of the structure which was erected about the commencement of the war around the summit of the Monument which perpetuates the great fire of London. In several quarters it was freely stated that the unsightly hoarding screened a new and powerful gun which was to deal the death blow to any Zeppelin which ventured to cross the North Sea for the purpose of dropping bombs on London. Despite the fact that it would be dangerous to fire anything so formidable as a maxim on a monument, the rumour was only dispelled by the removal of the hoarding, which revealed the monument in a new coat of gold paint. The historic pile is more than ever a mark for aerial craft, but as precautions have been taken in other quarters, which, needless to say, I would rather not allude to, there need be no fear that spring cleaning work on the top of the Monument will lead to disaster.

Hearts Warm to the Tartan.

A war correspondent, hailing from north of the Tay, made a hurried trip from the front last week to bring over some despatches which he had been unable to send by courier to his paper. He ventured as far as the lines of the Allies, and he informed me that everywhere he went he found that France had taken to her heart the stalwart lads in the tartan and the hodden grey, who have so nobly answered the call of the country. The women in France vie with one another in their hospitality to the Highlanders.

Among the French soldiers who speak English there is a good deal of surprise at their failure to converse freely with some of the Highlanders, and the correspondent testifies to the feelings with which he first heard the broad Scots tongue in a little village on the lines of communications.

Gallant Ghurkas' Bagpipes.

One of those who journeyed to Marseilles to welcome the Indian contingent, he also assured me that the sound of the pipes played by the Ghurka warriors was as sweet to the ears of many of the crowd as it was to the beleaguered garrison in Lucknow when Havelock and his Highlanders came marching to their relief.

The Ghurkas and other of the Indian troops who have fought side by side with our kilted regiments have been inspired since their early days by the bagpipes, and those who watched them disembark thought of the meeting in the trenches between the old allies, and the thought uppermost in their minds was "God help the Huns when the Highland pibroch skirls."

We Should Smile!—A British firm in Paris has received a letter from Berlin which states that there it is announced that Admiral Jellicoe and the British Fleet have left the North Sea and are sheltering in the Irish Sea, that the Russians have been defeated by the Austrians, and that the Allies have been defeated in France.

"BELGIUM WILL NEVER FORGET," SAYS NUN.

HER GRAPHIC NARRATIVE OF GERMAN HUNS AT AERSCHOT.

TO BE IN ENGLAND, LIKE AWAKENING FROM NIGHTMARE.

IT IS DIFFICULT FOR US HERE IN QUIET BRITAIN TO FULLY REALISE THE AWFUL EXPERIENCES THAT HAVE FALLEN TO THE LOT OF BELGIAN NON-COMBATANTS. THEREFORE, THIS NARRATIVE, TOLD BY A RESCUED NUN TO OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER, MAY HELP TO BRING HOME TO US THE DEEDS OF WHICH THE GERMANS ARE CAPABLE.

If confirmation were needed as to the brutality of the hordes of the Kaiser during their march of destruction through Belgium, the following account of a nun, recently escaped from that unhappy country, should go far to convince the world of the truth contained in the daily reports of our representatives at the front.

Belgian refugees are being "placed" all over the kingdom, and among those at the Convent of St Dorothy, in Forest Road, Coalville, near Leicester, is a sister who gave me the following details of a raid made by the Germans on their convent school in the town of Aerschot, during the time that the battle around Diest was raging.

"We were at vespers," she said with the convincing calmness that comes to those who have come through great sorrows, "and the music of the organ was now and again drowned in the sound of the guns which were being fired into the town. There were fifteen of us in the convent, and you can imagine how we felt when the news came that the Germans had entered the town and were destroying all before them.

"In the midst of the service a loud rapping was heard on the outer door. The mother superior turned to us saying—'Children, our time has come. Let us remain here, and place our cause in the hands of God.'

"Then she bade us continue our devotions, and went to the outer door to speak with the invaders. As she opened the door it was pushed back violently, and catching her in the face she was thrown to the ground with great force.

Germans Rough Entry Into the Convent.

"Our mother was very old, and, poor thing, she could not get up quick enough for the soldiers, who now flocked into the hall, and so she was struck by their heavy boots, and lay in a pool of blood while the soldiers passed over her.

"The next thing was the coming into our chapel of about a dozen rough men. We—the sisters—gathered together in a group at the foot of the altar and waited.

"Speaking in French, one of the soldiers, an officer of high rank I afterwards learned, commanded us to come and see to his soldiers. We came towards them, but we were so awfully frightened that we could not think clearly. However, they told us to prepare food at once, and we did the best we could for them. Some of the men were quiet, and others were very coarse. I speak German and their remarks were painful to hear.

"As they sat down to eat what we had provided for them we could hear the shots and sometimes the screams of women out in the streets.

"The Commander, a fine big man, did not behave like a gentleman at all. He was even more rough and coarse than the others. He said as I was leaving to look for the Mother Superior—

"'To-day is my birthday. I'm going to celebrate the double event—the fall of this cursed town and my natal day. See to it that a feast is ready for me and my men. You've no excuse, there's plenty here. Remember a banquet, fruit, flowers, and wine.'

"Where are the Young Lady Boarders?"

"The soldiers went all over the convent and school. One of the men stopped me as I was going to see to mother and asked, 'Where are the young lady boarders?' I told him we had sent them away as soon as possible after the outbreak of the war. From this remark and others made later on I know that everything connected with the town was known long ago to the Germans.

"Mother Superior was placed in her room, and two of us stayed with her. Shortly after she was laid on her bed; a soldier forced his way into her room and would not be satisfied until he'd ransacked her desk. There was nothing there but a few rosaries. In his rage he stamped these under his big boots. Poor mother was brave, but her age was great, and she sank lower and lower until death took her.

"We laid her out on her bed in her robes and took turns to stay with the corpse. The night wore on, and at eleven o'clock I heard a great uproar from the refectory, where the sisters had done their best to prepare the banquet as ordered. I ran down to see what was amiss now, and the Commander swore at me awfully, all because there were no cut flowers on the table. I told him we had none, only those on the altar. I said—

"'I've only those on the altar and they belong to God——'

"'Bring them here at once,' he cried, 'for I'm God for to-night!'

Digging a Grave by Lamplight.

"I brought the flowers, and the soldiers broke into the vestry and took the Communion wine to drink. The Commander had a case of wine brought from the house of the Mayor, and he became very drunk later on. And all the time he feasted the town of Aerschot was burning.

"The sisters were running all over the place to try and escape the drunken soldiers. Two of them went to the garden and began to dig a grave. As they did so by the light of a lantern a shot struck the spade from the hand of one of them and cut open her arm from wrist to elbow.

"A soldier now appeared, and accused us of digging trenches to help the enemy. We could not explain because he was so mad with drink. But now the grave was only just deep enough to hold the corpse. There was no coffin, so two sisters laid the corpse on a board, and we helped to carry it to the shallow grave.

"All the sisters then knelt around and took a last farewell of our loved mother. When the grave was filled and the morning was begun we all assembled in the little chapel for prayers. The town was still smoking, and the people had fled in panic.

"We went to the refectory to see if some food remained, but the soldiers had upset the table and all that we could find was a crust or two, mixed up with the filth created by the soldiers.

The German's Detailed Maps.

"We now thought it time to get away. All we had in the way of money was very little; and, hastily secreting the sacred vessels, we made up a few bundles and tried to leave the house by the garden gate at the back. I had gone out to see if any were about, and to my horror I saw the Commander at the hot-house door pulling down the vines that hung there. In his hand he held a map, and calling to me, he said—

"'This property is owned by a German lady, is it not so?'

"I did not know, and said so.

"'Well, then it does. See, here it is marked with a red cross. You can stay here, the place will be spared.'

"Later in the day he and his men left us to go pillaging in the outskirts of the town.

"Then came the poor to us by the hundred. But, alas! We had nothing for them. The larder was empty, and had it not been for a kindly band of Belgian soldiers, who brought us food, we must have died of hunger. All over the country the people are in a terrible state. Hundreds are dying of hunger especially old people, and children who have lost home and relatives.

"We were enabled later on, owing to the splendid gifts of you British people, to do a lot of good among the poor. Many families have found a home on your hospitable shores. May God reward you all for your splendid stand during this most awful time of suffering.

"Arrangements were made for the sisters to come to your happy England, and now we're here it is like awakening from a terrible nightmare. Belgium will never forget!"

TWICE RISKED SACRIFICE OF BIG FORTUNE

FOR SAKE OF LOVE OF POOR BUT PRETTY BRIDE.

Romance of Millionaire's Son and Miller's Daughter.

A real-life romance, the like of which is seldom encountered outside the pages of erotic literature, has been brought to a tragic end by the death of Dr Matthew S. Borden, who has been killed in a motor-car accident in New Jersey.

The son of the famous Fall River "calico king," Mr D. C. M. Borden, who left an estate of £1,750,000 at his death two years ago, young and handsome Dr Borden twice risked the loss of a fortune for the sake of the love of a tailor's pretty daughter.

His Student Love.

The romance of young Borden and the poor girl occurred in his student days at Yale. Across Chapel Street from the campus Julius Negbauer had a humble tailor shop—and two daughters, Tillie and Millie.

Both were very pretty. From the moment he saw her young "Mat" Borden began to love Mildred. The badinage of his college mates, the indignant protests of his brothers, Bertram and Howard, also at Yale at the time, couldn't block the youth's courtship.

Finally young Borden and Miss Mildred were seen every day in each other's company. Then Borden senior arrived, stalked into his son's rooms at Yale and demanded an explanation of the college gossip about his son and this tailor's daughter.

"It means," said young Borden, "that we've been married."

It is against the rule at Yale for students to marry. Such an action brings expulsion. The enraged Borden called on the family lawyer. He went to the Negbauer home and presented eloquently the great harm that would be done the youth's future unless this marriage was destroyed

Little Mrs Borden wept, but finally went to South Dakota, sued for divorce on the ground of desertion, got it, and when she came back with her decree got a check for £2500 from the millionaire cotton manufacturer.

Meanwhile young Borden had been sent abroad in the care of a Yale professor, who kept him coached up to the work of his classes. He afterwards returned to Yale, graduated and entered the College of Physicians and Surgeons.

Disinherited.

Borden senior thought that the divorce had ended his son's romance for ever. His son had other ideas on the subject and a cycle trip to New Haven resulted in his inducing his former wife to throw all caution to the winds, risk his disinheritance, and remarry him.

The enraged Borden senior disinherited him quickly enough. He put a clause into his will stripping his son of the one-third share of the big fortune he had intended dividing equally between his three boys.

It provided, however, that if Matthew divorced his wife again, never to remarry her, he might once again be eligible to his share—a matter of nearly £62,500.

If he divorced his wife and married another the children of the second marriage might inherit Matthew's share, but the children of the tailor's daughter were absolutely denied any right of participation in their grandfather's fortune.

Reconciliation and Tragedy.

Then came the Spanish War and young Borden left his medical school to join the army. He acted as a nurse at Camp Chickamauga, then himself fell ill of typhoid, and there again Borden senior had cause to wonder if, after all, this daughter-in-law was not worth his consideration. For the tailor's daughter proved a brave and loyal wife and faced the typhoid epidemic of the military camp, in a way that won the millionaire's admiration.

The old man asked his son and "daughter" and their children to spend Christmas at the Borden home.

The son completed his medical education and later joined his father in the business offices of the "calico king's" establishment. And a little while before his death the old man settled £25,000 outright upon Dr Borden.

Then just when everything was going smoothly, the unfortunate young doctor was killed in a motor accident.

Soldiering Preferred.—Owing to the success of recruiting, practically no young men are emigrating to the Colonies now, but more domestic servants are going abroad.

WITH THE WOUNDED AT STOBHILL HOSPITAL.

HEROES OF THE AISNE INTERVIEWED.

EAGER TO GET BACK TO FIGHTING LINE.

(BY OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER.)

(Special to the Post.)

If all our wounded soldiers and sailors are as tenderly and sympathetically cared for as the gallant fellows now under treatment at Stobhill Hospital, Glasgow, there will be no complaint, either from the men themselves or the public, in connection with the greatest war in our history.

A large portion of this splendidly-situated hospital on the outskirts of Glasgow has been set aside for the treatment of the brave men who have been incapacitated—some of them, fortunately, only temporarily—by German bullets.

Our lads are cosy, comfortable, and cheery. There is in the hospital an air of that wonderful combination of qualities which stamp the British race in the hour of national emergency and peril.

I was courteously enabled to have a chat with a number of the men who have just arrived at the Hospital from the front, and was impressed at the apparent incongruity of badly-wounded soldiers hirpling about as full of fun and gaiety as if they had just been left a fortune. Others, whose wounds precluded them from jumping about, lay in their beds and looked rather wistfully at their companions.

Anxious to Get Back.

But I heard no grumbling. Yes, I did; but this "grousing," as the soldiers call it, was at the prospect of being kept inactive for a time, when their keenest desire is to have "another go" at the enemy. The grim resolution of these men is wonderful. It is almost uncanny.

As I spoke to these gallant fellows, many of whom took part in the terrific battle of the Aisne, I fancied I almost heard the hard snap of these square jaws as they visualised their experiences against the Germans. In the face of such resolution and grim determination which was stamped on the features of men drawn from every part of the United Kingdom—Sandy, Pat, Taffy, and John—one can be excused for taking an optimistic view of the ultimate outcome of the war.

Grateful Patients.

And let me say here that the men appreciate what is being done to alleviate their sufferings. Our soldier lads don't say much about this, but deep down in the hearts of those unconquerable cheery cripples there is a gratitude which often takes but a mute form. But that concern for the wounded is surely just what we grateful Britons would most desire. These men were confronted with death at every breath they drew. Were they a bit dismayed? Never. These are not the type of men to falter when confronted with our Empire's enemy. War may be, and is, a terrible thing, but it seems to bring to the surface that latent daring, courage, and endurance which are so characteristic of our race.

Modest Heroes.

I could not but marvel at the quiet restraint of these wounded men when talking about the grim realities of war. No bragging, no boastful torrent of invective against the enemy. Heroes all, but modest as all true heroes should be. Some of them showed me terrible wounds with an airy nonchalance of one showing a friend a new knife. No, these hardy fellows don't exaggerate their own sufferings.

"Hallo, Guv'nor; come to take our photographs?" interrogated a cheery Tommy from the Lancashire Fusiliers, as he hirpled up to me. "Got a German souvenir in here," he added, pointing to his leg, when I indicated that he had guessed right the very first time. There he was, that optimistic Lancashire soldier [illegible]

"Oh, yes; I'm off to have another pop at the Germans whenever I'm fit again," volunteered the injured soldier as I left him to chat with another battle-stained hero.

Wants Another "Skelp" at Germans.

Private M'Lauchlan, a Glasgow man, and one of the Scottish Fusiliers, is a veritable tonic in No. 4 Ward, where the most recently wounded men from the battle of the Aisne are located. Although suffering from a smashed leg, the result of a shrapnel shell, he cheerfully took me round the ward and introduced me to some of his wounded chums. He is as keen as a hound on leash to have what he bluntly but picturesquely described as another "skelp" at the Germans.

Would Have Liked to See More Fighting.

A swarthy, silent Irishman named Michael Morton lay in bed, both his legs having been shot in the long-drawn-out battle on the Aisne. He is a private in the Connaught Rangers, and it was on September 14, while repelling a fierce attack by the Germans, that he felt first one leg and then the other crumple up. "These must have been stray shots," remarked Private Morton, with a wan smile as he told me about the scene. "The German infantry are not much good, but their artillery played the devil with a lot of our gallant fellows. I wouldn't have minded so much if I had seen more of the fighting, but we had just taken up a new position when I was hit."

Like the patriotic Irishman he is, Private Morton, although he had only been a few hours in Stobhill when I met him, was already thinking of the time when he could return to the front. "I hope to be fit again in a few weeks, as I would like to get back among my chums."

When I hinted that many men after being shot in both legs would have had enough of war the quiet Connaught Ranger gave me a significant look which was eloquent of the desire to "see the thing through."

"Ach, yes," he observed slowly, "our boys are going to win, but the Germans were in a very strongly fortified place where I got my coffee. But we'll have 'em out of that yet."

That's the spirit of our fighting lads. Shouldn't it make those of us who remain at home proud of our fearless army?

A Victim of Shrapnel.

In the same ward across the floor a high-spirited Englishman lay with a shattered foot. He is Pte. Wm. Thomson (No. 9561) of the Lancashire Fusiliers. When I inquired as to the nature of his wounds he replied laconically, "Shrapnel." As he lay up in bed, with bared chest and sleeves rolled up, revealing an elaborate system of tattooing, Private Thomson in a breezy fashion told me how he sustained his injuries.

"We were in the trenches for thirteen days, and for five days and nights were on outpost duty. My chum and I were ready for a cup of tea if it could be made, but as the shells were flying about in all directions our fellows said it could not be done. I told my chum that I intended to chance it, and I got hold of a kettle and put it on a fire—but I never got that cup of tea.

"While waiting for the kettle to boil and while I was bending down, a piece of shrapnel cut straight through my boot, smashing my foot and breaking the sinews.

Carrying a German Position.

"But I ought to tell you of a little forage we had before this happened. One Sunday afternoon the Lancashire Fusiliers were ordered to take a ridge, as the German guns there dominated bridge which our troops wanted to cross.

"Up we dashed at the German position, and although we carried it we lost heavily, no fewer than 67 officers and men being killed or wounded. In half-an-hour five of our officers were wounded, but the general, who had been watching our operations, afterwards commended us for the manner in which we had stormed the hill.

"It is the German artillery which is doing all the damage. Once they get the proper range they let our fellows have it as fast as blazes. But the Germans are not fighting fair. They loot and plunder in a most shocking fashion, and when our lads get within 200 yards of them they turn about and run, and depend on their artillery to arrest our progress.

Tribute to the French.

"There is a feeling in some parts of this country that the French troops are only middling fighters. Don't you believe it. The French troops are a brave lot, and they are showing the Germans that they are up against a different class of men compared with the French troops of 1870. Yes, the French are opening the eyes of the Germans, who thought they were out for a picnic."

RACE TO SAVE A BATTALION.

Gallantry of Irish Soldiers.

New deeds of heroism by British soldiers in the firing line are revealed daily. Few have been more daring than a race to save a battalion which is described by a wounded man now in a London hospital.

"In one of our fights," he states, "orders had to be given to a battalion holding an advanced position to fall back. The only way was to send a man with orders through a murderous fire. Volunteers were asked from an Irish regiment. All wanted to go, but by tossing for it a selection was made at last.

"He was a shock-headed lad who didn't look as if there was much in him, but he had grit. Ducking his head in a way that made us laugh, he rushed into the hail of shot and shell.

"He cleared the first hundred yards without being hit, but in the second lap they brought him down. He rose again and struggled on for a few minutes, was hit once more, and then staggered a bit before finally collapsing.

"Two men dashed into the fire, and rushed across while the Germans were doing their best to pink them. One picked up the wounded man and started back to the trenches with him, while the other took the dispatch and ran ahead with it. Just as the wounded man and his mate were within a few yards of our trenches and we were cheering them there came another hail of bullets, and both went down.

"Meanwhile the man with the dispatch was racing for all he was worth. He got through all right until in the last lap he was brought down like a felled ox. He was seen from the other trenches, and half a dozen men rushed out to his aid.

"They were all shot down, but he was now crawling towards the trenches with the message. With assistance he reached them, and the battalion in danger was withdrawn to a new position before the Germans succeeded in their plan of cutting it off."

PRIVATE SAVES FOUR LIVES

And is Recommended for the V.C.

A vivid story of the battle of the Aisne and of the gallant deeds which have led to his being recommended for the Victoria Cross is told by Private J. Warwick, of the 2d Durham Light Infantry, who is now in the Manchester Military Hospital.

"The Germans were entrenched," he said, "not 80 yards away on the other side of a hill, their trenches being far more formidable than ours.

"We had not very long to wait before shells and bullets began to fly about us in all directions. Our men tried to rush up the hill, but first one and then the other fell under the hail of fire.

"The Germans were at least twelve to one, but our men held their own, fighting as I have never seen men fight before. We had a great leader in Major Robb. He led the men splendidly.

"Lieutenant Twist, one of our number, tried to advance with a company up the hill, but he was quickly shot down. I saw him shot, and, although the shrapnel was flying and bullets were coming like rain, I made a dash and brought him back to the trenches.

"Then I saw Private Howson, a Darlington chap, fall, and I succeeded in bringing him from the firing line. The poor chap was shot through the neck and the shoulders, though I believe he is still living. I then went back again and succeeded in bringing Private Maughan.

"My last journey was the most difficult of all. I had to travel over the crest of the hill to within 30 yards of the German trenches, and how I escaped being killed I really do not know. I crawled on my stomach and got along as best I could, and I am glad to say that I succeeded in bringing Major Robb back right, as it were, from the very noses of the Germans. It was a hard job to get him, and in my effort I was shot through the back and fell."

MOTHER ATTEMPTS SON'S LIFE

And Then Cuts Her Own Throat

The East Sussex Coroner held an inquest at Hurstpierpoint, near Burgess Hill, yesterday regarding the death of Mrs Taylor, the widow of Mr W. V. Taylor, and the landlady of the New Inn Hotel, Hurstpierpoint, who cut the throat of her son (who is still alive), and then drew the knife across her own throat with fatal results.

It was stated that deceased suffered from nervous depression, and thought "worlds" of her boy. Her father committed suicide in 1889.

A verdict of "Suicide during a fit of temporary homicidal mania" was returned.

There is a proposal at Blackburn to form a society of wives and mothers of soldiers and sailors to afford mutual comfort to the relatives of those killed or injured in the war.

FEEDING BRITISH ARMY ON MARCH.

HARD LOT OF SERVICE CORPS.

Column Lost Close to Enemy's Lines.

The feeding of the army and the system by which supplies are forwarded from the base and issued to the troops at the front is not one of the least interesting and complicated problems of a modern campaign.

Supplies of food and forage reach the base from oversea and are forwarded thence by rail to railhead.

This is some station sufficiently advanced for motor transport to keep up communication between it and the troops, and at the same time not so far advanced as to be nominally exposed to attack from the enemy.

Twenty-Two Hours a Day.

The hours of work of the Army Service Corps have been long and arduous, while the work itself has been very fatiguing and often dangerous. Twenty-two hours' work out of twenty-four have been the rule rather than the exception, marching and loading by day, delivering to units by night. The work has always been cheerfully carried out, for the A.S.C. realise that if their lot is hard it is a bed of roses compared to that of their brethren of the fighting, foot-slogging infantry.

At Le Cateau on the night of August 25-26 one supply column lost its way in the rain and darkness when endeavouring to find its own brigade in the outpost line. It stopped at a road sign-post, only to find, on comparison with the map, that the column was a mile outside its outpost lines, and in close proximity to the enemy.

The feelings of the officer in charge can perhaps be imagined. One a.m., a dark morning, a strange country, close to the enemy's lines with five noisy lorries with thrumming engines, and flaring headlights. It may be asked why, in the circumstances, headlights or any lights were permitted. It was a case of Hobson's choice. Either no lights, and a certainty on a dark, wet night of driving into the ditch in the narrow lane and remaining there, or lights with the risk of drawing the enemy's fire. Eventually the vehicles were turned round, the right road discovered, and the units for whom the supplies were intended found.

Reserve Ration.

In addition to the ordinary daily ration each soldier carries in his haversack an Iron Ration of biscuit and tinned meat to be kept as a reserve. On the morning of August 24 during the last day of the Battle of Mons and the first day of the retirement this ration was consumed by the troops, since it was impossible to deliver the normal ration to them in their battle positions. With each brigade is a requisitioning officer, who supplements the soldier's ration by requisitioning supplies locally, and who is provided with a motor car to carry out his duties.

On the 24th two supply officers succeeded in requisitioning some newly-baked bread, which was loaded in the cars. Under a very heavy rifle and shell fire this bread was carried rapidly along the line behind the barricades manned by the troops, and issued to the soldiers. Rifle and shrapnel bullets knocked up the dust in the road along which the cars were driven. One car, which was hit in two places, but not seriously damaged, conveyed wounded men from the firing-line to the hospital.

In addition to the danger from bullets and shells, the cars ran considerable risk of damage from the condition of the road, strewn as it was with pieces of stone, brick, chimney-pots, glass, and telegraph wire brought down by the shrapnel and high explosive shell.

A Lucky Escape from Uhlans.

The supply and requisitioning officers in their cars have to work on the front and flanks of the main bodies of the troops; much of the work is done at night, and considerable risks have to be run from small detached or scouting parties of the enemy. One morning in the dawning light and in a thick mist a car ran into an outpost of Uhlans, muffled up in their heavy cloaks and half asleep. Before they realised that the car was British it had been smartly turned round, and vanished again into the mist.

During the great battle which began on September 12 the roads from refilling point to the troops in the trenches were always under the enemy's accurate shell fire. On the 13th the Germans by chance dropped a high explosive shell under the cook's waggon of the G.O.C. 3d Division. The shell exploded, and blew to pieces the vehicle, horses, and driver. The cook miraculously escaped with only a wound. So accurate was the shell fire that the roads were impossible during daylight, and it was only at night that supplies could be forwarded. Even at night the roads were not safe, and were shelled periodically in the hours of darkness.

SOLDIER WHO HAD ROMANTIC WEDDING

Is Wounded at the Front.

When Britain declared war against Germany, and the soldiers of the regular army and reserve were called out to service many young soldiers hastened on their courtship to its consummation in the course of a few days, and hasty weddings were the order of the day.

An interesting story comes from Perth. A postman belonging to the Fair City employed in Fife, after receiving the call, journeyed to Perth. At the breakfast hour he waited for his sweetheart, who was an employee in one of the large works. He informed her that he had been called up, and proposed that they get married. The young lady agreed. Her gallant lover had to report himself at noon, but the machinery was set in motion, and before afternoon the two were wed by special license before the Sheriff.

What mattered although the soldier was two hours late in appearing at the barracks, he had taken unto himself a wife.

The young wife has now, unfortunatey, received official information that her soldier lad has been wounded.

Another Perth soldier who was stationed at Aldershot with his regiment when the bugle call was sounded was married seven days before his departure with the Expeditionary Force. So far he has come through unscathed.

MOTOR FATALITY NEAR LADYBANK.

Yesterday a fatal motor cycle accident occurred near Ladybank, a Dundee man named William M'Gehan being killed.

M'Gehan, it appears, was on a motor cycle his wife and two children in a side-car, when at the cross roads known as Melville Gates, about two miles from Ladybank, he suddenly encountered a motor car being driven in the opposite direction.

In attempting to avoid the vehicle the cyclist swerved to the side, and was thrown from his seat into the road.

He was seriously injured about the head, and died after admission to Cupar Hospital. His wife and children escaped without injury.

The motor car and side-car were considerably damaged.

THE SNIPER SNIPED.

Private Jakeman, of the 3d West Riding Regiment, described how he despatched a sniper hidden in a tree:—

The German had killed several of our fellows before I knocked him over. As they were going through a gate—"piff"—and down they went. We knew by the sound that the rifleman could not be far, and we kept looking out for him, for there were no large bodies of Germans about. At last I saw a flash coming from a tree and I took two aims at him, and then we saw him swaying to and fro, dead as a nail, but tied with a rope to the tree.

The Great Duke.—The most brilliant genius discovered by this war up to the present is undoubtedly the Grand Duke Nicholas, Generalissimo of the Russian Army. And in private life the Grand Duke is one of the most charming and liberal-minded men. It was Nicholas who persuaded the Czar to grant Russia a Constitution and summon a Parliament.

GUARDSMAN SHOOTS FOUR GERMANS

WHO TAUNT HIM BY REFUSING WATER.

Private T. Smithson, of the 3d Coldstreams, now recovering from wounds received at one of the earlier engagements at the Aisne, tells a story of his water-bottle:—

It was when we retired from that fire that I got "laid out," but just before the shrapnel got me in the ankle and arm I had a narrow escape. A shell burst right over a chum a few feet away, and blew him to bits. I couldn't go any further, but fortunately there was a heap of manure in one of the fields, and I got cover behind that, and I think that soon I was about the only man left alive in that place. There was a man lying near me, and he was badly hurt. He asked for some water, and I threw him my bottle, but before he could pick it up another shrapnel finished him. For a long time there was nobody moving near me, but the shells were bursting all round.

After a while I got to need a drink badly, but I couldn't crawl to where my bottle was lying. After an hour or so a German patrol came up, and I determined I was going to have a drink no matter what happened, and as they passed I spoke and signed to them to throw my bottle over, but they only laughed and kicked it further away.

I "saw red" then, and I was going to plug some of them for that even if they plugged me afterwards. I waited till they were about four or five hundred yards away, and couldn't get back too soon, and though I knew if anything went wrong with the gun after I fired the first shot it would likely be all up with me I risked it. My first shot brought down one of them, and the other three dropped down on the ground. I simply waited till they got up, and I got one after the other.

I don't know whether I killed any of them, but, he added, with a grim laugh, as I hit them all, I knew the chap who kicked the water-bottle had got something for his trouble, and I felt better after that.

A VALLEY OF DEATH.

Sergeant T. Tims, 4th Dragoon Guards, who was sergeant-instructor at St Oswald's College, Ellesmere, Salop, until the war broke out, in a letter from the front says:—

We charged in front of one hundred of the German heavy guns, and thousands of their infantry kept up a terrific fire on us the whole time.

Talk about hell! It can be nothing in comparison. The bullets and bursting shells were like rain, and men fell in dozens on all sides. After our gallop across that awful valley we numbered seventy horses and men! Great praise was bestowed on the troops by Major-General Sir Charles Fergusson, who thanked me personally. We were told that the charge was practically a sacrifice to find out the strength and dispositions of the enemy, but at what a cost! Everyone who went through could thank God for surviving such an ordeal. Our infantry here also suffered badly, but, of course, we have wiped thousands of Germans off the map.

Mine-Laying Airships.—From a German source I learn (says a Rotterdam correspondent) that the Germans are now attempting to lay mines by Zeppelins.

"It's an Ill Wind——"—The war has brought unprecedented prosperity to Sheerness. All the able-bodied labour has been utilised by the dockyard, where gangs of men are kept ready night and day in view of emergency repairs, and no casual labour is available in the town. The extra wages earned and the amount spent by the military authorities for billeting are giving the tradesmen the best time they have had for years.

WOUNDED MEN IN STOBHILL HOSPITAL, GLASGOW.

Group of wounded Tommies just admitted to Stobhill Hospital. Several of these men took part in the great battle of the Aisne, which is still proceeding. No fewer than ten different regiments are represented, including the Scottish Rifles, Scottish Fusiliers, Sussex, R.F.A., Connaught Rangers, Enniskilling Dragoons, Wiltshire, King's Own Yorkshire, South Lancs., &c.

PLAYING HIDE AND SEEK WITH DEATH.

A graphic account of an encounter in the air is sent by William P. Simms, the American United Press correspondent.

It was my privilege, he says, to witness a duel in the air between a biplane and German artillery posted on a ridge commanding Soissons. The airman was ordered to ascend, carrying an officer assigned to locate the exact position of the German guns.

I was able to follow all his movements through my field glasses. As I watched the aircraft swing and turn through small clouds I realised that the airman was playing hide-and-seek with death. Shells were bursting near him, but he was always on the alert. The biplane would suddenly surge almost directly upwards, then describe a giant spiral; then drop far down, and always the movement came in the very nick of time to spoil the range of the German artillerymen, who were serving their guns with remarkable precision.

Shells were constantly bursting all about the aeroplane, and it was only by the exercise of all his skill that the pilot was able to preserve his machine unscathed.

He flew far within the German lines and discovered that the German artillery was posted in a rock quarry in what was practically an impregnable position with guns masked and mounted so that they commanded the entire British and French positions.

The little village of Shillingstone, Dorsetshire, with a total population of 575, has sent 66 men to the colours.

GIVEN FREE
WITH THIS ISSUE
WAR MAP
OF
EUROPE.

DUMBARTON DEMOLISH HEARTS' RECORD.

MORTON FIND OUT RANGERS' WEAK SPOTS.

CRITICAL SURVEY OF LATEST LEAGUE GAMES.

Surprises are as common as fallen leaves. The greatest surprise of the lot is the defeat of the team of the season at Boghead.

Even with a team a trifle less strong than usual Hearts were expected to do the needful against Dumbarton. The Tynecastle club can boast of first-class reserves. One was brought into action where necessary at Boghead. But all to no purpose. The Sons of the Rock rose to a big occasion in splendid style—rose as they did against the Hearts in the corresponding game last season, and scored a triumph which made the whole football world gasp.

WON ON THEIR MERITS.

I don't go the length of saying that Dumbarton are a better team generally than the Hearts. They are not, but there is no getting beyond the fact that yesterday the Sons were the more effective and nippier team. They played in the light that they were up against a tremendous proposition; they gave of their best, and they won on their merits.

It is, indeed, a signal honour for the Sons of the Rock to win this match. Up to this match Hearts were the only undefeated team in the tournament. They had beaten Celts, Rangers, Aberdeen, and other notables, and were in most circles confidently expected to do Dumbarton in, and swing still further ahead in the race for the flag.

This check to the leaders is good for the tournament. It opens it out nicely, increases in it an interest which was fading a little owing to the belated good form of the Celts and the inconsistency of the Rangers. This win for the Sons will do them far more good than it will do the Hearts harm. I rather venture the view that it will do the Tynecastle lot a capital turn.

I have a suspicion—well founded, I think—that the Hearts were just getting a wee bit cockie as a result of their unbroken run of successes. They were inclining to the notion that there was something invincible in their composition. That notion will now be dissipated. Hearts are fully aware that they are liable to defeat—thanks to a minor club—and that fact will, I am sure, not be lost sight of at Tynecastle. From now the interest in the tourney is enhanced. Well done, Dumbarton! If you are not of a class to win the championship, you may yet be an important factor in the destiny of the flag, and yesterday's very fine achievement will rank among the outstanding performances done by the Boghead club in its long and honourable history. Hearts, perhaps, did take the Sons too cheap. But I don't think they did. Their play reflected a due appreciation of the opposition.

CELTIC'S SIX.

Celtic are surely, if slowly, coming into the race as strong candidates.

There are some who would like to see the Parkhead club far down the table. They hold that a season or two without the potent influence of the Celts would be good for Scottish football. Perhaps it might, but there can be no doubt of the fact that Celtic are to be once again among the top-notchers.

Injuries and minor misfortunes had upset for a time the Celtic defence, but these having been set more or less to right, we had a revival at Dens Park last week, when, in opposition to most of the tipsters, Celtic darted right into the picture with a capital victory.

COMFORTABLY ANNIHILATED.

In yesterday's game they kept up their fine form. They proved that they are coming, if they have not come, into their own. My view is that the Celts will be—well, if not champions, precious near to it. Who has a brainier front rank? Who has a sounder defence, taking it from goal to pivot?

Dundee were comfortably annihilated. Celtic were never stretched. They toyed with the men from the North, who really were not in the same class. M'Atee was irresistible; Hutchieson and Aitken—well, he had them on a string all the time. The Dundonians have not had a poorer team for very many seasons. I am not to blame Balfour for the big slogging. The Dundee backs were, on the day's play, second-raters, and between them and an impotent forward line, the half-backs seldom got a smell.

Dundee Directors have a difficult problem staring them in the face. The attack was weak—at times woefully weak. Hogg was the only one of the five forwards who really counted. But what could he do single handed? M'Donald, the capture from Newcastle City, did not justify the hundreds of pounds spent in his purchase.

JOE DODDS' PROPER PLACE.

Celts showed championship form. There are some who fancy that M'Nair is no longer the power that he was, but his bottling up of the Dundee left puts that fancy clean out of court. M'Gregor is a coming lad, but I hardly look to his ever being a distinguished back of the M'Nair class. He does not strike me as being built on the proper lines.

Dodds can play centre half, but Joe will never be a great pivot. And my advice to the Celts' Directors is to get him into his proper position—left back—at the earliest possible moment, and keep him there. There is a chance, and not a remote one, that Dodds might be spoiled if messed about with between left back and centre half.

M'MENEMY'S BEST.

M'Menemy is touching his best form—which means that he is playing a better inside game than any man in Britain. Gallacher is the same wonder he was last year. Nap, and he could make any centre play; and we saw how they did it down the middle to M'Coll yesterday. Johnnie Browning was first-class, and M'Atee the most prominent as well as the most vigorous of a sound quintette. There is talk of Quinn coming back. He is training. He may be, but I do not believe that the celebrated centre will ever be seen in first-class football again. And I have good authority for saying so.

RANGERS' OLD TROUBLE.

Rangers are brilliantly inconsistent. They are greatly grieving their supporters, and discomfiting the prophets.

Morton's win was deserved. Rangers played ten men in the second half, but when they had their full complement they were—well, not so nippy as with one short. This was a game full of incident—a game which presented the Rangers' Directors with the same old puzzle. The Light Blues' attack was not a success. It is best to be candid. Whatever success the forward formation achieved against the Hibs, it failed against the Greenock defence. Reid's reputation as a centre forward got a jar. He was a failure. His outstanding work was wild rushes upon Bradford. Reid never led. He seldom shot. He did not link up the line. His weakness cannot be laid at the door of Bowie or Cairns, both of whom nursed him well enough. Rangers might look seriously at this position. A change here is, perhaps, what is needed to develop the Ibrox attack on the healthiest possible lines. As a centre, Reid was a cipher—on his play against Morton.

GORDON'S POWER.

It is questionable whether the line against Morton was stronger than that which operated against Partick Thistle. Paterson is no better than Smith, and he lacks Smith's resource and experience. Scott Duncan is not a Bennett, and Bennett is the man Rangers should try at outside right.

Morton beat the Light Blues at half-back, although the best half on the ground was Gordon. He put in a power of work, striving in a remarkable way to change the fortune of his side.

It must have been rather bitter for the "heid yins" of the Rangers to see the form of Stark and May. Years ago the Ibrox Directors declined to re-sign them. Why? Because they were, in the opinion of those who didn't know, not good enough for longer service at Ibrox. So Morton booked them, and it was a remarkable fact that these veterans—they must be classed as such—had not a little to do with the wrecking of the Rangers' hopes. Their understanding was grand. They seldom wasted a ball. Their experience was invaluable, and compared with Logan and Hendry on the Light Blues' side, they were clearly superior.

Wright played a sound game on the right-half flank, and I question if there is a better trio of middle men playing in the tournament, and I am not forgetting Young, Johnstone, and M'Master of the Celts, nor Briggs, Scott, and Nellies of the Hearts.

LOGAN'S MISHAP.

It was, of course, unfortunate that Rangers should be robbed of the services of Logan all the second half. But it was Logan's fault that he was hurt. If he had played football—played the ball instead of the man—there would have been no occasion for what happened. He plunged wildly at the man, and got a nasty knock for his pains.

Morton's goal was beautifully taken. Previously the Rangers citadel seemed to bear a charmed life. But when a point did come it was a beauty. Stark was the marksman, he taking full advantage of Lock's rushing out of his goal. The Greenock pivot saw his chance, and with a rapid low shot rammed the ball safely home. Lock erred in flying towards the touch line to do what was Purcell's duty. He erred in flying back into goal the way he did, getting himself tied up in the net and injuring the knee which gave him so much trouble some time ago.

His effort showed an undue impetuosity which Herbert, and he is a grand keeper, for his own and the Rangers' interest, would, I venture to think, do well to restrain. No doubt he acted for the best, but a little careful thinking done in a flash might have prevented the score and saved himself from damage.

PURCELL'S PLAY.

Purcell made a fair debut, and though Tom Kelso is well enough next week I'll be surprised if Rangers' Directors alter the composition of the defence. And in my estimation Purcell is not the equal of Kelso. The weak man in the Light Blues' defence was undoubtedly Hendry. This player, who was shaping remarkably well last season, has fallen off greatly. He had the least effective Morton wing with which to deal, but he never struck first-class form. He has not struck it once this season. This is a position which also requires close and immediate consideration from the Directors.

Morton have a useful side—safe in defence and good in attack. True, the forward line could stand improvement, judging it on Saturday's show, but the fact of the matter is the Greenock team is quite satisfactory, and ought to carry the club high in the competition.

REMARKABLE WORK BY AYR UNITED.

Ayr United brought off another surprising win. Last year they went to Easter Road and beat Hibs 5-0. They visited that ground, and trounced them 4-0. I have said again and again this season that the United were one of the most improved sides in the League, and results are proving my contention.

After their lapse last week, when I think they rather took St Mirren at too low an estimate, they come away in sparkling form, fairly staggering the Edinburgh folk with their dexterous footwork in front and their powerful play behind.

Ayr's play was voted the best visiting exhibition seen in the capital this season. With Gray re-lent from Celtic, the United have strengthened the one really weak spot.

Richardson was in first-class fettle. He had the Hibs' centre in a knot. Niven kept Willie Smith in check, and with Willie held the Hibs attack is not of much account. In Niven the United have got hold of a very clever middle man. And what makes this win all the more noteworthy is the fact that it was achieved without the services of Dainty.

'ONIANS AND THIRDS DOWN.

Airdrieonians are not going so well. For a week or two back they have been failing. Their defeat by Kilmarnock at Broomfield was followed by a thrashing from Raith Rovers. Airdrie's defence was responsible for the defeat. I do not regard the 'Onians as strong enough in this department. Raith Rovers have not a powerful attack, and for it to pierce the Airdrie goal three times indicates growing weakness in the Broomfield defence.

The 'Onians' attack began well, but did not get the necessary support from behind. Hence the Rovers' substantial win. Jamie Reid was well watched.

Third Lanark, after two brilliant victories, fell rather softly at Fir Park. Motherwell were distinctly the better team, and the score—3-2—hardly represents the run of the game. Brownlie was prominent for very fine saving, and but for his wonderful work a bigger score would have been piled up against the Warriors. He was the outstanding man of his side.

The Cathkin attack did not maintain the promise of last week. It was, unless for a short period, disjointed and headless, and if I'm not mistaken will call for changes speedily.

QUEENS' "JAGGED."

It was a poor game at Hampden Park. Queen's Park lost to a team whose play never rose above the second rate. The wind spoiled the game a bit. Queen's played with any amount of dash and pluck, but they came slap up against a side whose main features are dash and pluck. Clyde ought to go into the Glasgow Cup final, taking the Spiders on their form against the Jags. The trouble is that Queen's are a troublesome lot, because most of their opponents are apt to underrate their capabilities. If the Shawfield Reds do that, then Queen's may meet their conquerors of yesterday in the final next Saturday.

Thistle did not err in failing to estimate Queen's at their proper value, and the consequence was that two good points went to the Firhill record.

Queen's have picked up a stunning half in M'Kechnie, the old Ashfield lad. He is big and strong, and just the sort of player to shine in class company. Kerr, Walker, and Morton were the other Spiders who took the eye. Thistle were twice as clever as against Thirds, and not nearly so natty as against Rangers. Adams, Hamilton, Ramsay, and M'Tavish were prominent.

CLYDE'S MISTAKES.

Another rather unexpected result was Clyde's defeat at Douglas Park. Hamilton scarcely deserved their success. Clyde were wretched finishers. They ought to have netted half a dozen times in the first half, when they had the full measure of the Academicals. In the closing period the Reds faded away, and Hamilton, reviving wonderfully, netted thrice and won. The Academicals have a serviceable side, a side mostly made up of young blood, to whom a victory such as that of yesterday will give great encouragement. Clyde are a fair lot. When they lose M'Andrew they will lose a prop which they can ill afford to let go.

Kilmarnock's victory over Falkirk brought out the sterling worth of Armour, Cunningham, Cully, Hamilton, and Mitchell. The Bairns lost Gibbons early on. This has to be reckoned with in criticising this match. Falkirk put up a brave show with ten men, Orrock, Reilly, Glancy, and M'Culloch being outstanding. St Mirren were lucky to share the spoil at Aberdeen, their goal running numerous hairbreadth escapes.

THE RACE.

Hearts have lost their commanding lead. Celtic are creeping up. They meet Raith Rovers on Monday at Kirkcaldy, and ought to get closer still to the leaders.

Rangers are a good third, but confidence in the Ibrox team is confined only to the Rangers supporters. Ayr United and Morton are making a very creditable show, and during the past fortnight Dumbarton have greatly improved their position.

Dundee have dropped almost to the bottom of the table, a place to which they are justly entitled, and they will soon reach the very foot if the Directors don't get a move on sharp—a move which will result in radical changes.

LIVE NOTELETS ABOUT LATEST FOOTBALL

FLASHED FROM PAVILION AND PRESS BOX

BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

What are they thinking at Ibrox?

Stevenson, of Morton, is a terrific shot. Jot down the fact.

Is the Hibs' defence the best in the League?—Ayr United, 4; Hibs, 0.

Morton were worthy their victory at Ibrox. That goal of Stark's was a peach.

They tell me Newcastle are hunting round Glasgow in search of a centre forward.

Why is Pailor not doing well at Newcastle? He is being boycotted. No more at present.

Lots of people were inquiring as to the identity of the referee at Ibrox. I don't know why.

Fancy Aberdeen failing to repeat their last year's performance. Good for St Mirren all the same.

Konny Campbell is the most popular goalkeeper who visits Wearside. They WOULD like him at Roker.

Could Jimmy Hay tell who the centre forward is Newcastle are angling after. What price Fred Martin, of Raith?

The rumour has been whispered abroad that Fred Martin, of Raith Rovers, is anxious to shift his quarters. Give it a miss in baulk.

Bill M'Cracken is not a spent force yet. He is still kidding with that "offside" trick of his. "Luk' ye here" is, as of yore, his battle cry.

Willie Barr, the ex-Third Lanark trainer, has full charge in the matter of training the Raith Rovers players.

Jimmy Stark robbed the "Light Blues" of the points, and Ormonde put up a great game yesterday. Johnny May strove like ten men to keep out the "enemy," and he aided manfully.

I wonder if similar remarks were passed between Billy Hogg and Charlie Shaw at Celtic Park to those expressions of opinion between the two players at Dens Park the previous week?

The usual gag put to Andrew Cunningham is—"What team is going to beat you to-day?" He generally replies with the name of the eleven opposed to Killie on Saturday. They beat Falkirk all the same.

I was rather amused at Manager Cochrane yesterday. He was so anxious that his team should come out on top that he couldn't look at the remainder of the game when the winning goal had been scored.

There were many people in the Ibrox pavilion who wondered why Tom Kelso stood down against Morton after his great display against Hibs. Purcell, I must confess, did not impress me.

What I think is really wrong with Dundee is the absence of that leaven of experience which is so essential to a successful side. They have too many young 'uns.

Team selectors are not usually in receipt of compliments when they have completed their labours, but that which they have chosen against the Southern League could not very well have been bettered. You couldn't pick a better, and chance it.

Joe Dodds is Scotland's best left back. He has been tried at centre half, and against Dundee, and he emphasised the fact that he is non-suited for the position. All the same, he blotted out Miller. Really, the Dundee centre forward was to be sympathised with.

I met no fewer than three football managers at Ibrox. Why don't they go into the pavilion? They must have known that they would have been spotted by someone. The dodging game belongs to the past. But who were they looking after?

I think Ayr did a very wise thing in playing Nevin at centre half against Hibs. That is his true position, but apart from that, the United must look forward to the departure from Somerset Park sooner or later of their popular player-manager.

I doubt very much if we shall see Jimmy Logan out for a week or two. His ankle was badly smashed, and hot fomentations had to be immediately applied as soon as he reached the pavilion. Trainer Struth didn't half sweat in the process.

Willie Milne, the ex-Third Lanark centre forward, is fast recovering from the injury which he accidentally received against Aberdeen, added to which was that which he received in the practice matches. He may be seen soon in the Tayside team.

LEADING RESULTS.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

First Division.

Aberdeen	0	St Mirren	0
Raith Rovers	3	Airdrieonians	0
Hibernian	0	Ayr United	4
Celtic	6	Dundee	0
Hamilton Acas.	3	Clyde	2
Dumbarton	3	Hearts	2
Rangers	0	Morton	2
Motherwell	3	Third Lanark	2
Queen's Park	0	Partick Thistle	2
Kilmarnock	1	Falkirk	0

Second Division.

Abercorn	4	Clydebank	2
Dundee Hibs	4	Lochgelly United	3
St Johnstone	2	Dunfermline Athletic	2
Albion Rovers	0	Leith	4
Johnstone	2	Arthurlie	1

ENGLISH LEAGUE.

First Division.

Aston Villa	2	Chelsea	1
Blackburn Rovers	0	Manchester City	1
Bolton Wanderers	1	Notts County	2
Bradford	1	West Bromwich A.	4
Liverpool	0	Everton	5
Manchester United	3	Sunderland	0
Middlesbrough	1	Burnley	1
Newcastle United	4	Tottenham Hotspur	0
Oldham Athletic	5	Sheffield Wednesday	2
Sheffield United	1	Bradford City	1

Second Division.

Barnsley	2	Bristol City	1
Clapton Orient	2	Blackpool	0
Fulham	2	Birmingham	3
Glossop	2	Huddersfield Town	2
Hull City	1	Derby County	0
Leeds City	2	Arsenal	2
Leicester Fosse	1	Bury	3
Notts Forest	1	Preston North End	1
Stockport County	1	Lincoln City	0
Wolverhampton Wan.	0	Grimsby Town	1

SOUTHERN LEAGUE.

Portsmouth	1	Gillingham	0
Luton Town	0	Brighton and Hove	1
Exeter City	2	Cardiff City	0
Swindon Town	4	Norwich City	0
Southend United	0	West Ham United	1
Q.P. Rangers	1	Plymouth Argyll	1
Millwall Athletic	0	Watford	3
Bristol Rovers	2	Northampton	3
Croydon Common	2	Southampton	0
Reading	3	Crystal Palace	0

OTHER GAMES.

QUALIFYING CUP.

Third Round.

Thornhill	4	Dalbeattie Star	0
B. and W. Athletic	1	Galston	4
Alloa Athletic	2	King's Park	2
Cowdenbeath	1	East Stirlingshire	3
Inverness Caley	3	Clachnacuddin	0

SECOND ELEVEN CUP.

Falkirk A.	1	Motherwell A.	0

AYRSHIRE QUALIFYING CUP.

Maybole	8	Girvan	1

RESERVE LEAGUE.

Hearts, A.	2	Dumbarton Harp	1
Third Lanark A.	0	Kilmarnock A.	1
Q.P. Strollers	5	Morton A.	1
Stevenston United	1	St Mirren A.	0

SCOTTISH JUNIOR CUP.

First Round Replays.

Maryhill	3	Oatlands Juniors	1
Strathclyde	0	Ashfield	0
Petershill	4	Pollok	0

GLASGOW JUNIOR LEAGUE.

Glencairn	1	Bellshill Athletic	1
Perthshire	4	Rob Roy	2
Vale of Clyde	2	Benburb	0
Clydebank Juniors	3	Parkhead	2
Shettleston	1	Cambuslang Rangers	2

Wouldn't Alick Smith pay his way yet?

Dundee F.C. left Queen Street Station in silence.

At 4.51 Morton scored the goal which won them the match. Stark.

Despite the advent of Albert Shepherd, Bradford City are doing nothing great.

They did well enough, of course, to draw with Sheffield United, their near rivals.

Jimmy Brownlie does not grudge Kerr the honour which has been bestowed upon him.

Paterson is not an Alick Smith. He may do on the right, but he doesn't fit in on the left.

If the order hadn't been given "all lights out" there would have been fireworks at Kirkcaldy.

Mr M'Cartney is not likely to go off his sleep just yet. Others will have to accept a sleeping draught.

Galt was out of it against Newcastle. So a pal who was on the outlook for talent tells me. Sorry I can't give you more.

Tom Watson can't be feeling well to-night. To be defeated by his near rivals by 5-0 won't help to make more restful his leisure hours.

Great things were expected of George Philip when he went down to Roker. The Wear is not yet on fire. The result at Manchester was rank bad.

You keep an eye on Oldham. They are out to make things hum. M'Lean got one in for Sheffield Wednesday, but, as we say, here the Latics "rummelled them up."

We interest ourselves largely in Chelsea. You know why, of course? They went down again to the Villa. It's not good enough for a largely Scottish team.

We didn't quite expect Accies to beat Clyde. The fire did not upset the Shawfielders surely. They have lost a cat and a dog—mascots at that. Points, however, are their prey.

It didn't surprise me that Low, of Hearts, was chosen for the outside right position against the Southern League. But what about Templeman and M'Naught. Have they gone lame?

If you asked me why Rangers fell yesterday I should say that the same old fault manifested itself. The half-backs could not do their part. Bowie rather struck me as a promising centre half. What do you think?

If Hearts are to keep their lead in the League they will have to keep a very watchful eye upon Ayr United. Enthusiasm is stationed at Somerset Park, and you know as well as I do what that means.

People in the West will regret to learn that big-hearted Bill Morrison's wife is lying very ill. The Raith Directors have made a big mistake in keeping Bill out of the team so long. He got his chance yesterday, and took it.

If Rangers want to get to the root of all the trouble through which they are passing, they had better pay heed to their half-back line. All along I have watched their deficiency in that department. I wonder if they regret letting Galt go?

Strange, isn't it, when you are eulogising Jimmy Stark that you should make it your duty to suggest Jacky Wright as a centre half? I was told at Ibrox yesterday that that is his proper position. Hempsey, when I appealed to him, said that that was so.

I hear a great deal about Robb, of Birmingham. He is a rattling good keeper. A wonderful Christmas box he has proved himself to be. He has certainly boxed up a few clubs since he took his stand below the 8 by 8.

It has to be acknowledged that the gate at Ibrox was very disappointing. Of course, people go there expecting such a huge concourse of spectators that if there is not a gathering wavering between the 20,000 and 30,000 mark there is an invisible wave of despondency.

A friend of mine tells me that Herbert Dainty was in Dundee the other day. "Have you fixed up yet?" was the question put to him. "Well," replied Herbert, cautiously, "not yet, exactly but things are moving that way." You may look out for further news in the near future.

"We are not allowed to prophesy the result of matches," said Billy Hogg when I put it to him at Queen Street Station at 1 p.m. as to what he thought the result at Parkhead would be to-day. "I am of opinion," he ventured, however, "that if we don't win by 1-0 we'll lose by no more."

Montgomery, the Dundee skipper, is a cheery soul. Despite the fact that his team were three goals down at half-time, he led his men into the field saying to one of them—"Come along, boys; always merry and bright." Even at the finish Monty was smiling, but—it was only just a smile.

Wharrier, who might have taken Jimmy Brownlie's place yesterday against Motherwell, had James not been fit, is probably the tallest goalkeeper in Scotland. In Longtitude, he is about 6 ft. 2 in.; latitude, 2 ft. The Warriors are fortunate in having so capable a reserve.

I simply can't make out the Airdrieonians. They gave great promise of proving themselves one of the foremost teams of the season. To lose by 3-0 to Raith Rovers is not good enough. I wonder if our good friend John Chapman could offer an explanation. I cannot.

To be defeated by 6-0 was a result reflecting very considerably upon the Taysiders. Last season they only lost by 1-0. The weakness in the Dundee team is not only in the rear, but forward as well. M'Culloch will have to come into the place which he has made for himself, and Milne will have to come into his.

Whoever among Scottish footballers accepts a reduced wage, should the League decide that this course is necessary in order that the game shall continue, Jimmy Brownlie will not be one. He takes the logical view that if one contract can be so easily broken so can another. Who would take Brownlie with a free transfer?

A rather good joke was cracked by a Dundee player to-day during the journey West. The talk turned upon homing pigeons. "I know a player who has a pigeon that flew from Kirriemuir to Dundee in three minutes." "That's nothing," was the reply; "it's all downhill."

Aren't the Hibs running things rather close in the matter of reserves? They have only one spare half-back. Peter Kerr was absolutely unfit to take the field against Rangers on Monday, and yet he played a splendid game. Dan! How about getting a few extra hands in view of the Cup ties?

You will all be glad to hear that Geordie Sinclair, of the Hearts, is "in the pink" at the front. He is hoping to be able to play a strong game in the second half against the Berlin "Wanderers." When it comes to the taking of the "penalty" kick he hopes to have the honour. Power to his foot!

I learn from those who select our International teams that the only serious rival Brownlie has to all the season's honours, as far as the guarding of the sticks is concerned, is Kenny Campbell, of Liverpool. The Blantyre man takes some beating. Campbell must be a don if he can seriously contest Jimmy's claims.

Aren't you getting rather sick of the rumours, and even the authentic statements, concerning Davy M'Lean? He is not coming to Celtic. If he leaves Sheffield Wednesday there is only one club to which he can go—Chelsea. Meantime, there is nothing doing. The football market meantime is stagnant.

As big a surprise as any was Hearts' defeat. Depleted forces.

A star at Ibrox was Gourlay. Did Tom Watson want the lad to go?

Von Kluck could not resist the Celtic attack, nor even at one o'clock.

The display of Rangers against Morton will necessitate a ringing of the changes.

I'm afraid Falkirk will have to pull up their socks. The Bairns are not "striking it."

Isn't it curious that ex-Rangers players should do so well against their old masters?

Tynecastle people must continue to think Boghead fatal. One of the surprises of the day.

Celtic are coming ahead. They have dropped a bomb. There will be one or two others.

If Chelsea go on the way they are doing they will certainly be "Pensioners" at the end of the season.

I don't want to puff up Morton players unduly, but keep an eye on Seymour. I'll not say more. Pardon.

Tom Maley cannot be happy this weather—not all the time. The Throstles throttled his hopes where these birds hang out.

I did not like the barracking which the crowd gave the Dundee outside right. After all, Shaw was carrying the ball when he was charged.

Andrew Reid had only one hour's sleep before he took his place in the St Mirren team against Ayr United. The trio are doing well. I am glad to say.

It must be very unpleasant out Cathkin way just now. Last season they beat Motherwell. Two points to the bad this at Fir Park—3-2.

Tom E. Maley—good chap is the Bradford manager—is not having a particularly pleasant time. His team went down 4-1 at West Bromwich. Bad business.

Charlie Duncan, the Third Lanark groundsman, is an expert photographer. He doesn't shine so very much as "moving pictures" are concerned, but at "still life" he is a knockout.

I know the nature of the remarks which transpired between the players. Billy and Charlie are excellent pals, and if I could repeat the words you would laugh. But I can't. Billy asked me not to do so.

Strange, isn't it, that they haven't got an acknowledged successor to the ex-Sunderland man at Ibrox? Billy Reid and Alick Smith, I believe, could give you some views that would make interesting reading.

I don't know what the Bradford City people will think when they see their old servant, Jock Wyllie, footing it at Millwall. I wonder if they think yet that they made a mistake in yielding to Jimmy Philip's persuasion?

There's only one thing which Harold Paul and Hector Mackenzie are missing while on active service. They can't get a game of football, and they cannot see one. What a hold our national pastime has upon us even in time of war.

Johnny Richardson has no voice in the choosing of the Raith Rovers team. This intimation and information will surprise a few people. He exercises an influence, however, which was indicated very powerfully in the decisive defeat of Airdrie.

Wasn't it rather curious that the centre half of Rangers, and the centre half of Morton should both be laid out? Logan's injury was the more serious. He got a bad knock in the ankle. Friend Stark got his injury mainly in the principal cantilever.

I don't think I ever saw a better taken goal than Jimmy Stark's against his old comrades. He simply wandered up to the ball and hit it. There was not much strength behind the ball, but he PLACED it, and that is the main thing when a man comes forward to have a pot for goal.

Aberdeen are making a big mistake in shifting about the diminutive Archibald so much. If he were a success—generally admitted—at outside left, why not keep him there? As an inside forward, he sticks too long to the ball. He did so against the Saints at anyrate.

You would have read of that attempt by some idiotic individual to wreck an express about to cross the Tay Bridge. "It's a good thing it wasn't this morning," said Hogg, as the train cleared the great structure. "Of course," he continued—and then there was a smile—"if we had been drowned there is always the consolation that we wouldn't have had to pay the income tax."

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

First Division.

	P.	W.	L.	D.	Goals. F.	Goals. A.	Pts.
Hearts	9	8	1	0	21	5	16
Celtic	8	5	1	2	23	9	12
Rangers	8	5	2	1	14	9	11
Ayr United	9	5	3	1	14	7	11
Morton	8	3	1	4	15	14	10
Aberdeen	9	3	3	3	10	9	9
Hibernian	10	2	4	4	9	16	8
Falkirk	8	3	3	2	9	10	8
St Mirren	8	3	3	2	12	15	8
Dumbarton	8	3	3	2	17	17	8
Airdrieonians	8	3	3	2	6	9	8
Queen's Park	8	2	3	3	12	12	7
Third Lanark	8	2	3	3	13	10	7
Clyde	8	3	4	1	8	11	7
Hamilton Academicals	8	2	4	2	9	12	6
Raith Rovers	8	2	4	2	9	12	6
Dundee	8	2	4	2	7	18	6
Motherwell	8	3	5	0	14	17	6
Partick Thistle	7	3	4	0	11	14	6
Kilmarnock	8	2	6	0	8	15	4

Second Division.

	P.	W.	L.	D.	Goals. F.	Goals. A.	Pts.
Cowdenbeath	6	4	0	2	16	5	10
Clydebank	6	4	1	1	14	8	9
St Johnstone	6	3	1	2	17	12	8
Leith	6	4	2	0	12	8	8
St Bernard	7	4	3	0	11	10	8
Abercorn	6	2	1	3	10	9	7
Albion Rovers	7	2	2	3	7	8	7
East Stirlingshire	5	2	1	2	7	5	6
Dunfermline Athletic	7	2	3	2	10	13	6
Johnstone	4	1	1	2	8	8	4
Vale of Leven	5	1	3	1	8	10	3
Dundee Hibernian	7	1	5	1	12	22	3
Arthurlie	6	0	3	2	7	10	2
Lochgelly United	5	0	4	1	6	17	1

ENGLISH LEAGUE.

First Division.

	P.	W.	L.	D.	Goals. F.	Goals. A.	Pts.
Manchester City	6	5	0	1	11	4	11
Oldham Athletic	6	5	1	0	18	11	10
Sheffield Wednesday	7	4	2	1	18	10	9
Middlesbrough	6	3	2	1	11	7	8
Aston Villa	6	3	2	1	9	11	7
Burnley	6	3	2	1	7	4	7
Newcastle United	7	3	3	1	9	5	7
Everton	7	3	3	1	11	6	7
West Bromwich Albion	7	3	3	1	11	9	7
Blackburn Rovers	7	3	3	1	14	12	7
Bradford City	7	1	2	4	8	11	6
Liverpool	7	2	3	2	11	20	6
Sheffield United	6	1	2	3	6	7	5
Notts County	6	2	3	1	9	10	5
Manchester United	6	2	3	1	8	10	5
Sunderland	6	2	3	1	10	12	5
Bolton Wanderers	7	2	4	1	17	18	5
Bradford	5	2	3	0	6	14	4
Tottenham Hotspur	7	1	4	2	8	15	4
Chelsea	6	0	3	3	5	11	3

Second Division.

	P.	W.	L.	D.	Goals. F.	Goals. A.	Pts.
Bury	6	5	1	0	14	9	10
The Arsenal	7	4	1	2	15	8	10
Huddersfield Town	7	4	1	2	13	6	10
Clapton Orient	7	4	1	2	9	5	10
Preston North End	7	3	1	3	11	8	9
Bristol City	6	4	2	0	10	5	8
Fulham	7	4	3	0	11	7	8
Wolverhampton Wan.	7	3	2	2	8	7	8
Grimsby Town	7	3	2	2	7	9	8
Derby County	6	3	2	1	12	5	7
Hull City	6	3	3	0	7	7	6
Birmingham	6	2	2	2	10	9	6
Notts Forest	7	2	3	2	11	15	6
Stockport County	6	2	3	1	5	7	5
Lincoln City	7	2	4	1	11	14	5
Leeds City	7	1	5	1	7	12	3
Leicester Fosse	7	1	5	1	6	12	3
Barnsley	6	1	4	1	10	13	3
Glossop	7	0	4	3	7	16	3
Blackpool	6	1	5	0	7	13	2

SURPRISE SCORING IN THE ENGLISH LEAGUE.

EVERTON'S NAP HAND AGAINST LIVERPOOL.

CHELSEA FAST AT THE FOOT OF THE TABLE.

There was some heavy scoring in the English League First Division matches. The surprise of the lot was Everton's nap hand against Liverpool. Galt and Parker, the ex-Rangers, were in spanking form for the winners.

Oldham Athletic came full in the eye with a great win—5-2—over Sheffield Wednesday, who had been going great guns. The Throstles discomfited their critics by mopping the Hawthorns with Bradford, who were smashed 4-1. Newcastle United, playing pretty football, whipped the 'Spurs 4-0, and Manchester City staggered the supporters of Sunderland by thrashing the Wearsiders by three clear goals.

Manchester City are now the only undefeated team in any of the Leagues. They lead by a single point. Oldham Athletic are running hard on their heels. It is a noteworthy fact that the club who went in for heavy buying in the close season is last in the race. Chelsea, who spent thousands of pounds on Scottish stars, have not yet won a match, and have only bagged three points out of a possible twelve.

Blackburn Rovers, last year's champions, are doing none too well owing to weakness at half-back. They are, I understand, on the track of a well-known Scottish half.

NEWCASTLE UNITED, ... 4
TOTTENHAM 'SPUR,, ... 0

At Newcastle, in brilliant weather, before 20,000 spectators. 'Spurs opened in good style, and gave the United a good deal of trouble in the beginning. Then Newcastle took a turn and after eight minutes Booth, inside left, scored with a header from a beautiful cross shot from the corner by Douglas. Later Sparrow should have scored for 'Spurs, but missed. Newcastle were the cleverer team. Hibbert scored a second. Interval—Newcastle, 2; Tottenham, 0.

After the restart Newcastle continued to have the better part in play. Although the 'Spurs had the advantage of a strong breeze. Afterwards there was a more evenness in the game, but Hall, from Hibbert's pass, scored for Newcastle, despite a big effort by Jaques. The 'Spurs were helpless, and their goal had several near escapes. Their forwards were slow, and Walden's trickiness was the outstanding feature. Hall scored Newcastle's fourth goal.

NOTTS COUNTY, ... 2
BOLTON WANDERERS, ... 1

At Bolton, before 15,000 spectators. Both teams were representative. Wanderers won the toss, and after Lillycrop had missed two good chances, Peart scored in seven minutes from a free kick awarded to Notts, who played really smart football. Later the Wanderers attacked vigorously, but Peart scored again after a great save by Sidlow, who saved twice from Richards.

Interval:—Notts County, 2; Bolton Wanderers, 0.

The second half opened sensationally, for within twenty seconds Lillycrop had scored from Vizard's centre, and for some time the Wanderers showed some improvement in their play. Vizard gave Notts' defenders much trouble, and once appealed in vain for a penalty when he was apparently tripped. Lillycrop was also grassed when all but through. Iremonger was jeered for wasting time.

MIDDLESBRO', ... 1
BURNLEY, ... 1

At Middlesbrough before 12,000 spectators. Both teams were the same as last week.

Burnley faced a brilliant sun, yet scored in the first minute.

Williamson missed a centre from Mosscrop, and Lindsay scored easily.

Burnley were dangerous in sharp raids, and Boyle shot over from a penalty. Elliott equalised after Dawson had saved.

Half-time—Middlesbrough, 1; Burnley, 1.

Williamson beat back two Burnley attacks, and then fine combination saw Dawson surrounded, but he saved finely many times. Wilson was superb on the 'Bro' right, and he created most of the situations. Once he gave Elliott an easy chance, which was not accepted. Freeman shot wide, and Williamson saved from Hodgson. Middlesbro' pressed hard, but could not get a goal.

MANCHESTER UNITED, ... 3
SUNDERLAND, ... 0

At Old Trafford, in beautiful weather. The gate numbered 12,000. Sunderland were at full strength. Norton was played at outside left for the United in place of Wall (invalided). The Sunderland forwards started at a big pace, repeatedly breaking through the United's half-back line, but without tangible results. The United opened the score through West, but play continued even. Both defences were remarkably sound, many shots failing. Interval—United, 1; Sunderland, 0.

At the interval the gate had increased to 20,000. Sunderland were first to be dangerous, but Hodge saved the situation. A Manchester raid followed, but both Meredith and Anderson were wide with their final efforts.

United now began to press with great vigour, and Scott had to save some difficult shots. Three minutes from time Anderson scored for United after a dashing attack, and Stacey almost immediately added a third.

SHEFFIELD UNITED, ... 1
BRADFORD CITY, ... 1

At Sheffield, before 20,000 spectators.

Sheffield attacked. Davies sent in a high shot, which Ewart cleared from under the bar. At the other end Shepherd was beaten when dangerous.

Evans Fazackerley got away, sending out to Simmons, who missed an open goal. Good work by Bradford forwards ended in Fox shooting over.

Bradford came again, Bond beating Gough with a lovely shot.

Half-time:—Bradford, 1; Sheffield U., 0.

Sheffield quickly got to work, and a good effort by Evans and Fazackerly ended in the latter scoring close in.

End-to-end play followed, but neither side could claim advantage. The United, however, came again, Davies, Fazackerly, and Evans showing good combination, but the situation was saved by Boocock clearing.

MANCHESTER CITY, ... 1
BLACKBURN ROVERS, ... 0

Twenty thousand spectators witnessed the game. In the first half the Rovers were seen to advantage. Dawson drove in a low shot, which Fletcher turned round the post. Later the City backs cleared their lines with the custodian beaten. The City steadily improved, and Cartwright scored from long range.

On resuming Manchester forced the pace, and their aggressive methods found plenty of work for the Rovers' defence. An injury to Dawson hampered the player, and affected Rovers' attack. Smith saved brilliantly from Simpson and Shea, robbing the latter after he had passed the backs. In the closing stages Rovers pressed desperately, but Smith, the City custodian, gave a magnificent display, and remained unbeaten.

WEST BROMWICH ALBION, 4
BRADFORD, ... 1

At Bradford, in brilliant weather, before 18,000 spectators. The Albion took the lead in three minutes, Bouser scoring while the Bradford goalkeeper was unsighted. The home team had the wind, but it was of little service to them, the Albion playing more effective football, and ten minutes before the interval Bache added a second goal. Morris scored a third from a corner.

Interval:—West Bromwich Albion, 3; Bradford, 0.

The Albion were only slightly superior to Bradford in the second half, when the wind freshened, and they had no difficulty in retaining their lead. They certainly showed vastly cleverer tactics taking the game through, and there was no fluke in their victory. The home forwards showed a woeful lack of understanding. Smith reduced the lead near the close, and Morris scored for the Albion.

ASTON VILLA, ... 2
CHELSEA, ... 1

In fine weather before 12,000 spectators. Chelsea won the toss, and after thirteen minutes' play Harrison handled close in, and from the penalty Hampton scored. Two minutes later Stephenson dribbled cleverly and added a second.

Chelsea improved, and Abrams, who h gone to inside left, scored after thirty-fi minutes' play. Villa then pressed.

Interval—Aston Villa, 2; Chelsea, 1.

Resuming, the visitors held the upper han Ford, Halse, and Brittam showing good for Hampton and Stephenson tried to pull th Villa together, but that game was not good as in the first half, and the custodia were hardly troubled. Hardy made one go save from Halse, and Stephenson went ne with a good shot at the other end.

EVERTON, ... 5
LIVERPOOL, ... 0

At Anfield, before 30,000 spectators.

Liverpool had Mitchell at centre, M'Kinl at outside left, and Bratley at centre ha Everton were the same as last week.

The game opened fast, and Everton h the better of matters. Clennel scored in fi minutes. After this Liverpool put on pre sure, without avail, and play afterwards b came even. Both sides tried hard. Clenn and Jefferies came near. Later Parker scor a second goal. Half-time: — Everton, Liverpool, 0.

Resuming, Liverpool placed M'Kinlay centre, Nichol returning to outside left. Pl was again keen, but neither side could ga the advantage for a time, though Liverpo were more forceful. Fern saved from Fai foull, and M'Kinlay missed a splendid chanc Later Fern cleared from Nichol from a pe alty against Longworth. Parker scored third goal for Everton, who put on furth pressure, and Clennel scored a fourth, an Parker a fifth goal.

OLDHAM ATHLETIC, ... 5
SHEFFIELD WEDNESDAY, ... 2

At Oldham, before 10,000 spectators, in fa ourable weather. Sheffield won the toss, an elected to play with the wind. There was sensational start, Wilson scoring for Oldha in the first minute.

Walters headed a second goal after thre minutes, and Kemp scored a third nin minutes. Sheffield reduced the lead throug Wilson. Cook scored from a penalty for Ol ham. Half-time:—Oldham, 4; Sheffie Wednesday, 1.

On resuming Sheffield attacked, Kirkma giving Matthews a teaser to save, which h did at the expense of a corner, which prove fruitless. Tammon got down, and put acro for Walters to score for Oldham. Walte nearly beat Davison a minute later. M'Le missed a good chance of scoring for Sheffiel whose forwards could not get going. Glenno with an open goal shot over. M'Lean score for Sheffield.

SECOND DIVISION.

STOCKPORT COUNTY, ... 1
LINCOLN CITY, ... 0

At Stockport, before 7000 spectators. Bo teams had been considerably altered, and th game was not very exciting. Stockpor however, had the advantage in the first hal and after half an hour's play Wood score for the home team. Lincoln made gre efforts to equalise, but the forwards lacke precision. Interval—Stockport, 1; Lincoln, The game was of a poor description in th second half.

BURY, ... 3
LEICESTER FOSSE, ... 1

At Leicester, in fine weather, before 500 spectators. Fosse pressed at the outset, b Bury proved stronger in combination, an Connor scored after fifteen minutes. Just b fore the interval M'Knight added a second f Bury, who were two up at the interval.

In the second half King scored a brillia goal with a header for Fosse, but Mercer im mediately replied with a third for Bury, whos defence afterwards was severely tested.

FULHAM, ... 2
BIRMINGHAM, ... 3

Played at Fulham, in fine weather, befo 15,000 people. Fulham were without Russe and Slade. Fulham nearly scored quite earl but then Birmingham controlled the gam playing splendid football at a fast pace. Fu ham were outplayed, and after thirty-si minutes Windridge scored for Birmingham Fourteen minutes after the interval Canno equalised, Simons giving Fulham the le fifteen minutes later. Then A. Smith score for Birmingham. A. Smith scored agai Birmingham winning deservedly.

NOTTS FOREST, ... 1
PRESTON NORTH END, ... 1

In bright weather, this game at Nottingha was witnessed by forty thousand spectator including many visitors from Lancashire, th being the concluding day of the Goose Fai Roadway was substituted for Holbem in th Preston eleven. The latter having the adva tage of the wind in the first half, the sco was one each at the interval, Coleman gettin through for Forest after twelve minutes, O borne equalising twenty-three minutes late There was not much to choose between th teams in the second half, nothing further o curring, and play being poor.

LEEDS CITY 2
WOOLWICH ARSENAL ... 2

At Leeds, before ten thousand spectator in fine weather. Leeds had Sharpe for Ric ardson. Leeds did more attacking than A senal in the first half, but the Arsenal defen was sound, and no goals were scored. Lee scored from a penalty early in the second hal and Hardinge equalised twenty minutes late Spiers headed in for Leeds from a corner b Goodwin, and afterwards Bradshaw scored fo the visitors.

BARNSLEY, ... 2
BRISTOL, ... 1

About 6000 spectators saw this game, whi was played in a strong breeze. Barnsley wer most aggressive in the first half, and secur a lead. They had two goals scored by Lyo and Tufnell, the latter being cleverly ob tained. Bristol's goal was scored by Picke In the second half the game lost much of it spectacular value. The visitors' forwards wer good in midfield. Howling saved Town penalty near the end.

HULL CITY, ... 1
DERBY COUNTY, ... 0

At Hull, before 4000 spectators, a ver moderate attendance. Pattison rejoined th home side at right back, and Morgan, lef back, was played at outside left in Lee's place After twenty minutes' play Halligan score for Hull. Derby were mainly on the defensive but Benfield and Fordham supplied severa dangerous attacks. Scattergood saved whe the ball was going through off Smith, and he parried other scoring shots.

GLOSSOP, ... 2
HUDDERSFIELD TOWN, ... 2

At Glossop, before 1500 spectators. Huddersfield had James for Dow. In the first minute Foyers handled in the penalty area and Corney scored for Glossop. Thirty minutes later Slade equalised from Smith's centre. Fifteen minutes after the restart, following a free kick, Gadsby headed a second for Glossop. Shields equalised with a header ten minutes later. Both goals afterwards had narrow escapes.

GRIMSBY, ... 1
WOLVERHAMPTON WAN., ... 0

In fine weather, before 8000, at Molineux Grounds. The opening stages were lively. Curtis headed over from Bishop. Summers effected a brilliant save from Griffiths, following which Rippon, for Grimsby, beat Peers. Summers later distinguished himself three times in as many minutes. Wanderers applied heavy pressure on resumption, but they failed to penetrate the visitors' defence. Two corners were unproductive. Spink missed a chance of increasing Grimsby's score.

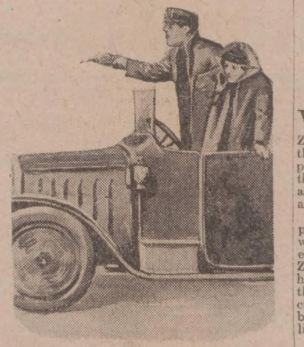
CLAPTON ORIENT, ... 2
BLACKPOOL, ... 0

In dull but fine weather, before 10,000 spectators, at Homerton. The first half was even, the defence on either side being too good for the attack. The early stages of the second half were also evenly contested, but Clapton gradually gained the upper hand, and twenty minutes after the interval Jonas scored from a penalty. Dalrymple scored seven minutes later.

BEGIN TO-DAY THE GREAT STORY OF THE WAR.

Dashing Dick Carrick

Suspense, fear, and anxiety for weeks have been the lot of many whose dear ones were detained in Germany when the war began. This brilliant narrative is related by a well-known author who obtained details for many of the exploits from a distinguished courier and Continental traveller of wide experience. Like the Scarlet Pimpernel, this modern knight errant has brought joy to many British homes by conducting refugees through the lines of the enemy to the safety of our shores and their own homes.



The Telegram from Berlin.

"AND what is my lazybones going to do with himself while I'm away?"

"Oh, same old thing, I suppose, sweetheart. But how long the time will seem till you come back. I wish you weren't going."

"Well, it won't be very long, Dick, dear. And I shall miss you too. But, dear old boy, while I'm away do try and settle down to something—some work of some sort, won't you? You know, Dad hates a lazy man, and he'll never agree to our being married as long as you're doing nothing."

A girl of medium height, with a very pretty face, hair like sunshine, and limpid blue eyes, was standing in a wide-windowed, broad room of a stately mansion, and as she placed her hands on the broad shoulders of a dark-haired, clean-shaven young man with a bronzed face and strong features a look of mock severity came into her eyes.

"Oh! you little darling!" he said, with a sudden movement placing both his hands under her arms and lifting her with a swing right up into the air, where he held her for a few minutes in his strong grip, and then set her down on the floor again. "Why should I do another fellow out of a job?" he went on, laughing. "I've five thousand a year of my own, and life's such a jolly old game that I see no reason why I should be stuck on a stool in a stuffy office."

"Who wants you to stick in an office? Why, you could help Dad in his business. You know those great bridges and railways and things that he builds mean that he has branches all over the world. Well, you speak a lot of languages, don't you?"

"No, only about three—French, German, and Spanish. But I'd back myself to speak German with anyone. I've tramped their old country from end to end so that I could get a touch of the 'German culture,' as the dear old man called it."

"Well, then, with your knowledge of languages you could represent Dad at some of his foreign branches—be his local representative, you know, and go and get orders and all that sort of thing. You'd do splendidly at it, I'm sure."

"Oh, but old Gaylor does that, doesn't he? And I should be no good at it either. I hardly know a girder from a steam engine."

"Oh, Mr Gaylor, Dad's partner! Well, yes, I suppose he does, but there would be room for you as well, I'm sure. I've only just got to tell Dad that you will work, and I know he'd find a place for you at once. Will you try, Dick? It means so much for both of us. By the way, you've got my address, haven't you?"

"Yes, you're going to stay with the Gaylors at 7 Neuenstrasse, Berlin. Oh, darling, I know you think me an irresponsible sort of beggar, lazy and good-for-nothing, but I do love you with all my heart and soul. I'd go through fire and water for you."

"Ah, that's my Dick, my own boy! I shall go away so happy, dear. I shall tell Dad when he comes back to-night, and he'll be glad, too, I know. Everyone seems to like you, Dick. Dad always did."

"So long as you love me, dear, let the rest of the world go hang. I shall be at Victoria Station to see you off to-morrow."

And the next morning Ellice Remington, the only daughter of old David Remington, the great engineer, left London for Berlin on a few weeks' visit, with Mrs Gaylor, the wife of Nardon Gaylor, old Remington's junior partner.

Nardon Gaylor himself, a thick-set, stout man of about fifty, with close red beard and hair of the same colour, frank, open hazel eyes, straight nose, slightly stooping shoulders and body inclined to corpulence, was at the station as well as Dick Carrick and Mr Remington—a fine, upright, white-bearded man of sixty, or perhaps a few years older.

Ellice's eyes were shining with excitement; she was full of the joy of happiness, of youth, of love that had conquered. She was about to pay her first visit to a foreign country; her father had the night before smiled approval when she told him of Dick Carrick's resolve to work; the sun shone high in the heavens, certain happiness blazed on the horizon of the future. And when the train had curled its way out of the station, and the little crowd of friends on the platform had receded from sight, she drew her head in from the window, and, sinking into the corner, said to Mrs Gaylor:—

"Oh, dear, I feel so happy! Everything in the world seems so beautiful to-day. It seems as if I were really too happy. I wonder whether it will last?"

"So you're going to do some work after all, are you, Dick?" smiled old Remington, taking the young man's arm as they walked up the station platform together. Gaylor was on the other side of the old man. "I think we can find room for you in the German branch, eh, Gaylor? Ellice tells me you can speak any sort of German that was ever invented."

"Yes, I think I can."

"That's rather a boastful statement to make, isn't it?" said Gaylor softly, in German, but the German of an obscure province which boasted a dialect which to the average Berliner or town-dwelling German would be absolutely unintelligible.

In a flash Dick Carrick turned his head.

"I don't boast," he said quietly, "and I make it a rule never to make statements which are not true."

And he spoke those words in exactly the same dialect that Gaylor had used.

"I was only trying you," laughed Gaylor, "but you must know a bit of German if you can speak that brogue. Yes, I think we can find room for you somewhere."

"Are you really going to take that young fellow into the business?" asked Gaylor, after he and Remington had parted from Dick.

"Yes. My daughter loves him, and what she says is law, you know, Gaylor. I know the lad's got brains, and we'll soon knock something into him. We want a smart, presentable, clever young man over in Germany, and it seems to me he would be the very one."

"Who and what is he, then? I've only met him at your house, Remington, but when it comes to business I should like to know a little more about the man we're to employ."

"Oh, that's soon told! He's a young bachelor with an income of his own, and he's an orphan. He's a good all-round athlete, and as plucky as the devil, I'm told. He's only twenty-five, and he's not followed anything you could call a profession except that of sport. But the man who marries my girl has got to be a worker, for my share of the business will belong to her when I'm out of it, and she must have a husband who'll do his share of the work. I think he'll be the very man for us. I like the boy, and she loves him, and that's good enough for me."

"Yes, of course, just the man, just the man" said Gaylor.

But there was a frown on his face unperceived by old Remington.

And when Gaylor arrived back at his home in the evening he sat for some time in his handsomely-furnished study smoking and evidently thinking heavily, until there came a knock at the door and a servant entered with a telegram on a silver tray. Gaylor took it and tore it open. It read:—

"Cadle Pumps Penwiper Baumeister."

Gaylor read the strange words of the telegram through once, then again; then he unlocked a drawer in his desk, took out a little notebook, and with its aid deciphered the telegram which was in code:—

"War certain month's time.—Baumeister."

So ran the translation which Gaylor pencilled on a scrap of paper and then tore up and threw into the waste-paper basket, afterwards treating the original telegram, which bore the Berlin postmark, in the same way.

Then he took a telegraph form and wrote out a message to a bank in Berlin ordering his money to be transferred to the London branch here.

"Send that at once, Hans," he said to the footman, a tall, clean-shaven young fellow with fair hair, who answered the bell.

Hans took the telegram, and when half an hour later his master was at dinner he came back into the study, shut the door carefully after him, listened for a minute, then examined the waste-paper basket, and carefully picked out the scraps of paper, and the torn telegram which Gaylor had flung there, and with half a smile on his rather good-looking face, put them carefully in his pocket and left the room.

Dick Carrick's Desperate Mission.

"My God, it's awful, it's horrible this suspense! Not a line, not a word of any kind can we get through. Gaylor has made every inquiry—his wife is a German, you know—but he can't hear a word from her, and he's almost frantic with grief and despair. And Ellice, my poor little Ellice, my poor little girl, is there; and her mother—why, she's almost off her head. Oh, God, Carrick, what shall we do, what shall we do?"

It was barely a month since Ellice had left; they had had many letters from her saying that she was enjoying herself immensely, and was looking forward to returning home.

And now ferocious, bloody, devastating war had broken out, and not a line could they hear of her. Old Remington, with his influence, his wealth, with the power of his name, which was world-wide, had sent his inquiries broadcast; Ambassadors even had gone out of their way to oblige him, but not a word could be heard of Ellice or of Mrs Gaylor. The Berlin address, 7 Neuenstrasse, knew them not; they had disappeared utterly, entirely, and after the reports of the outrages and insults which had been hurled at the British in Berlin, with every day the anxiety grew.

"I can't stand it any longer," said Dick at length, jumping to his feet. "Look at that account of the way they insulted those English women the night of the declaration. Look at what they did to the British Embassy. Oh, the mean, dirty hounds! And to think that our pretty little Ellice should be there, that they may—oh, God, it's too awful to think of, Mr Remington." Laurie struck the table with his fist, "I'm going to find her; I'm going out there to bring her back. There are lots of people who want to get out of Berlin; I want to get in, and I will get in, by God, I will. These German brutes aren't going to keep me out."

He spoke through his clenched teeth, his strong young face was grim and set, the veins stood out on his temples and forehead. For now Dick Carrick was the very incarnation of British temper roused. Slow to wrath, but when lit there is nothing on this earth more dangerous.

"You? You, Dick? You're going to get in? But they'll never allow a British subject through."

"I don't care about their allowing me, I'm going to get through. I'll go over to Belgium, where those brutes are yet, and be there in twelve hours. And once I get into their lines of communication, if I can't get into Berlin — well, I'm a duffer, that's all. I'm going, Mr Remington, and I'm going to bring Ellice back with me."

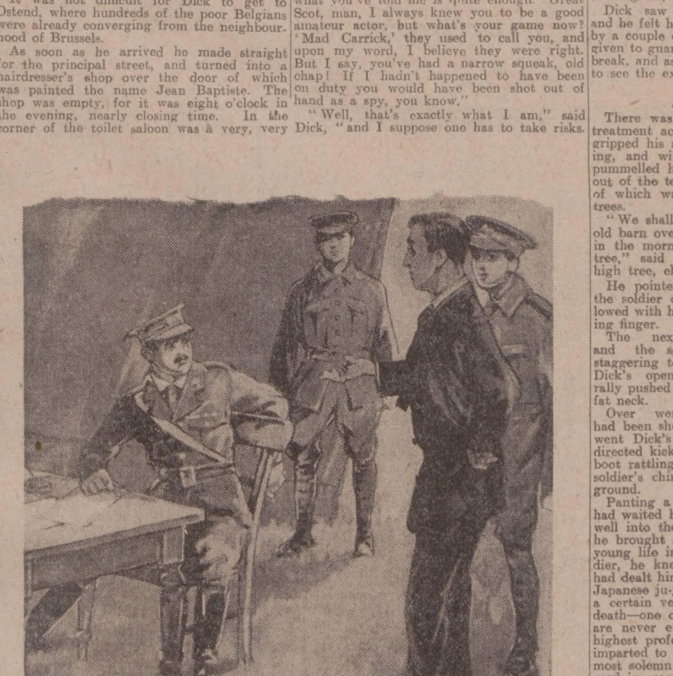
He looked a fine young fellow standing there with his head thrown back and now with just a little touch of colour in his face, and old Remington held out his hand to him.

"Somehow or another I believe you'll succeed, my boy," he said. "But remember you're risking your life."

"Pah, what does that matter? There's Ellice's life to be thought of, and if I do lose mine, well, I bet one or two Germans'll lose theirs first. Now I'm off."

It was not difficult for Dick to get to Ostend, where hundreds of the poor Belgians were already converging from the neighbourhood of Brussels.

As soon as he arrived he made straight for the principal street, and turned into a hairdresser's shop over the door of which was painted the name Jean Baptiste. The shop was empty, for it was eight o'clock in the evening, nearly closing time. In the corner of the toilet saloon was a very, very old man seated poring over a newspaper.



"I'm not a German," said Dick. "You ought to know that, Rags. I'm in disguise, and want to get through into the German lines."

"Eh, bien, Monsieur Baptiste," said Dick, speaking in perfect French. "And the good son, where is he?"

The old man rose to his feet with the unsteadiness of age, peered at Dick through his glasses, and then extended both hands delightedly.

"Why, it's Monsieur Carrick, the mad Britisher, the young care-for-nothing devil whom I have disguised so many times in Paris before I retired from my shop there, when I was perruquier and artist of make-up to the principal theatres! Ah, Monsieur Carrick, but I am glad, I am glad! Ah, and you still speak French as perfectly as ever! You ought to have been French, monsieur, and to fight with us against those pigs, those swine of Germany." He lowered his voice a little. "But perhaps you do fight, for the British, the brave British; they march with us now, is it not?"

The old man rattled on in his rapid French, looking at Dick Carrick all the time. He had always had a genuine affection for the young scapegrace, whom he had assisted with his wigs and paints in many a mad scheme and frolic in Paris not so many years ago.

"I should have loved to have been a Frenchman, friend Baptiste," answered Dick, "but just at present I'm yearning to be a German. Your son Jean, I suppose he goes to fight them, eh?"

"Ah, yes, of course! And I would go too, but that I am too old. I have given up my shop in Paris for a long time; I came to live here with Jean in the evening of my days, and now I have put on an apron once more because my boy goes to fight. But what is this about your being a German, Monsieur Carrick, eh?"

"I want to get into their lines, I want to make my way to Berlin. Listen, old friend. You're of a gallant race, and I know it will interest you, for there's a lady concerned. Now listen!"

"Mon Dieu, and you want to go to Berlin to rescue her, your fiancé? Ah, but that is gallant, that is beautiful! But they will kill you if they catch you, those canaille!"

"They're not going to catch me. That's why I've come to you, Baptiste. I want one of your very best disguises as a German. You can do it, I know, as no other man in the world could. That's why I've come here to you. I said to myself, 'Ah, Papa Baptiste! I know he is retired, and lives at his son's shop at Ostend. He is an artist; he will do it.'"

"Ah, yes, and with pride and joy, too! It is eight o'clock, see, I close now. I will soon have you a German—curse them!"

And in half an hour Dick Carrick, with close-cropped hair dyed a light yellow, with dyed eyebrows, and the muddy, yellow complexion general among Germans, was ready to start on his perilous journey. He bade Baptiste a friendly goodbye, the old man embraced and wept over him, and with his slouch hat pulled well down over his German face he slunk out of the town, and after walking for some hours found himself in touch with the outposts of a British column. Sentries were posted, and it was, of course, by now quite dark, but as Dick approached the cordon his heart beat just the slightest bit faster.

"If I can only get past the British sentry there won't be much trouble afterwards," he said to himself. "Well, I shall have to risk it."

Dick sank down, quite unperceived as he thought, in the shadows of the darkness, and tried to crawl forward gently on his hands and knees. There was a little covering hedge which he thought protected him, but he had not gone two yards before he felt a hand placed over his mouth and his body was seized from behind.

"Bring him along!" he heard an unmistakably English voice say.

And he found himself hauled by two marines to a tent which evidently served as a guardroom.

"Found 'im tryin' to crawl through the lines, sir," said one of his captors.

The officer on duty looked up and spoke to the prisoner in German, asking him if he could give any explanation of his conduct.

"I'm not a German," said Dick, speaking in perfect English. "You ought to know that, Rags."

The officer's face was a study.

"It's all right," went on Dick. "I'm in disguise, and I want to get through into the German lines. My name's Dick Carrick, and, you, Rags, were at school with me at Rugby, and Rags was your school nickname, you remember—though now you're Captain Horace Verner—and I tattooed the school crest which you have on the left of your chest. And don't you remember what you tattooed on mine? Two crossed swords. See, there they are!"

Captain Verner got up from his rough table, and came over and looked at Dick as he tore open his coat and shirt.

"Good heavens!" said Verner, astonished. "All right, my men, you can go," he added, turning to the two Tommies.

"It's you right enough, Carrick," he went on. "I recognise your voice now, and what you've told me is quite enough. Great Scot, man, I always knew you to be a good amateur actor, but what's your game now? 'Mad Carrick,' they used to call you, and upon my word, I believe they were right. But I say, you've had a narrow squeak, old chap! If I hadn't happened to have been on duty you would have been shot out of hand as a spy, you know."

"Well, that's exactly what I am," said Dick, "and I suppose one has to take risks. I thought it was all up myself till I saw you. But now, look here, Verner, you must let me get through. Listen!"

And as briefly as he had told old Baptiste Dick explained that he wanted to get to Berlin to rescue a certain person in whom he was interested.

"How I'm to get there is my trouble," said Dick. "All I want to do now is to get into the German lines. Let me go, Verner, and I'll always think kindly of you."

"All right, you madman. Come on, I'll put you through our sentries."

In the Hands of the Enemy.

Ten minutes later Dick was walking along the road which would take him straight to the German lines, and it was not long, not nearly the twelve miles mentioned by Baptiste, before he found himself pulled up sharp by a patrol of Uhlans, consisting of a non-commissioned officer and three privates. They called him to halt, and Dick shouted back in German—

"A friend!"

He was told to put his hands up, the non-commissioned officer came forward, dismounted, and began to question him in broad German. Dick answered back in the same dialect, and in a minute he and the sergeant—for that was the German's equivalent rank—were bosom friends. They both came from the same province—Dick's accent proved that. The German was completely deceived.

"And what do you want, comrade?" he said, for it was that already. "What are you doing out here?"

"I've escaped from Ostend. Those treacherous dogs the British are there, but I managed to slip by them. Pah, they are all asleep. I want to get back to Berlin."

"But you—you ought to be fighting! You can't go back to Berlin."

"I do not fight, I keep my eyes and my ears open. I have information that may be useful."

"Oh, well, you needn't bother about going to Berlin with that; you can give it to the Intelligence Department here. Come on, we shall be relieved directly, and I'll take you there."

Dick ground his teeth. He wanted to get to Berlin; he had reckoned on being sent there. After all, he thought to himself, he was not so clever as he had imagined.

As soon as the patrol was relieved Dick was taken by the sergeant to a tent in the German lines, where sat two officers and a man in civilian dress.

"Escaped from Ostend," said the sergeant, saluting. "I picked him up on the road."

"And who are you?" asked one of the officers when the sergeant had withdrawn.

"Hans Fleischmann," said Dick, speaking with the same broad accent which he had assumed with the sergeant. "I've been observation agent in Ostend. I managed to escape without being detected. I have valuable information."

The civilian at the table looked up quickly, one of the officers leant over and spoke to him quietly, and he turned the pages of a ledger before him.

"Hans Fleischmann?" he said at length, looking up. "Where did you live and what was your official number? What trade or occupation do you carry on in Ostend?"

"421 is my number," said Dick glibly, though he began to feel a little restless. "I was assistant in the employ of Jean Baptiste, a hairdresser, in Rue de Flanders."

"There is no Hans Fleischmann on the official list, there is no number 421, and no German was ever employed by Jean Baptiste, the hairdresser. This man has nothing whatever to do with our department."

The civilian shut up the ledger and turned to the two officers.

"You have heard what was said," said one of the officers to Dick. "Your tale has been proved to be false. You cannot have anything to say in your defence, and if you had we have no time to listen to it. You'll be shot as soon as convenient."

The other officer nudged him, and the first speaker corrected himself.

"No, no. Hanged, hanged at daybreak as an example. That is all."

He touched a handbell on the table, and then turned to the civilian.

"Lucky you were here, Herr Baumeister. The fellow speaks German well. And when do you return to Berlin?"

"To-night. There is plenty of work for me to do there. I shall have to start almost immediately. It will take me four hours in the car to get to where my train will be. Ah, you have made many alterations on the map of Belgium, you soldiers!"

Dick saw the officers grim delightedly, and he felt his arms seized, one on each side, by a couple of soldiers, to whom orders were given to guard the spy, and hang him at daybreak, and as many prisoners as possible were to see the execution

A Surprise Meeting.

There was no sympathetic or even decent treatment accorded to Dick. The soldiers gripped his arms till the pain was excruciating, and with their disengaged hands they pummelled him in the ribs as they led him out of the tent and across the field, one side of which was bordered by a thick row of trees.

"We shall keep you safe all night in that old barn over there, you British traitor, and in the morning we shall hang you on that tree," said one of the soldiers. "A nice, high tree, eh, Fritz?"

He pointed upwards with one hand, and the soldier on the other side of Dick followed with his gaze the direction of the pointing finger.

The next second Dick was free, and the soldier on his right was sent staggering to the ground with a blow from Dick's open hand, the fingers being literally pushed at a certain part of the soldier's fat neck.

Over went the German as if he had been shot, and almost simultaneously up went Dick's left foot in a mighty, well-directed kick, which brought his fairly heavy boot rattling, crashing underneath the other soldier's chin, bringing him likewise to the ground.

Panting a little, Dick looked round. He had waited his opportunity till he had turned well into the shadow of the trees, and then he brought all the knowledge of his athletic young life into play. He had killed one soldier, he knew that. The fingers' thrust he had dealt him was one of the seven secrets of Japanese ju-jitsu, a thrust which, directed at a certain vein in the neck, ensures instant death—one of the seven secret thrusts which are never even taught except by the very highest professors of the art, and then only imparted to the pupil under the strictest and most solemn oath of secrecy, and only to be used in cases of the very direst need.

Dick had considered this a time of dire need, as indeed it was, and he had killed that soldier by that one simple ju-jitsu secret stroke. The other he had brought to the ground with a kick which had been taught him in French athletic circles, for la Savate, as French fighting with the feet is called, is really a science quite as much as our boxing is. Dick's visit to Japan and his early years in France now stood him in good stead.

The two soldiers lay still and motionless, one dead, the other senseless, with a broken jaw. Dick looked round, drew the two bodies carefully and quickly still further into the shadow of the trees, and then as quick as lightning divested one of them of helmet and uniform, changed his own clothes for these, and then walked boldly back to the lines.

"Where is Herr Baumeister's car?" he asked the first soldier he met. "I have a message to deliver."

"There it is over there. His servant is just coming out of that tent. You follow him and then you'll be all right."

A man in ordinary civilian clothes was just emerging from the tent, where but a few minutes before Dick had been sentenced to death, and he followed him to a car which was standing by the roadside. Dick let the man get on a few paces, and then hurried after him.

In the dim light Dick saw that the man was carrying what looked like a despatch case or box.

"Your master wants you again," he said in German, touching the man on the shoulder. "No, not in that tent; he's gone over there to that one." Dick pointed to a tent two or three hundred yards away. "Quick, he wants you at once. I'll take this to the car for you; it will save you carrying it."

The man thanked him, and hurried away in the direction indicated by Dick, handing over the leathern case willingly.

Dick chuckled as he took it and walked towards the car, which was at that moment unattended by the chauffeur, who was refreshing himself from the travelling soup kitchen close by while he awaited his master's return.

"That was a bit of luck," said Dick to himself. "Old Baumeister's private portfolio, I'll bet. The head of the Intelligence and Observation Department, the chief of the Secret Service here. Well, here goes! Hanged if I know the way, but I suppose I can ask."

Dick jumped into the driving seat and started the car, winding his way in and out of the baggage, ammunition waggons, and other impedimenta which follow an army on the march till he got fairly clear of encumbrances, and then he let her go on the winding white road shining under the moon of a clear night.

The whole country was, of course, patrolled by the Germans, and it wasn't difficult for Dick to find his way to the station on the frontier, where there would be railway communication with Berlin.

The production of Baumeister's portfolio with his name upon it ensured instant attention when he got to the station, and to his delight and joy he found that a special train was waiting for the all-important man who had under his control the vast network of German spies which envelop the whole of Europe and Britain.

"Herr Baumeister is detained. I am to take his portfolio through to Berlin. See, here it is," said Dick to the stationmaster with all the effrontery in the world. "Start the train at once."

Such was the power of the chief spy's name, such was the power of a military uniform, and such was the assurance of Dick that he actually found himself seated in the one luxurious saloon attached to this engine, with right-of-way to Berlin.

And as the train started out on its long journey to the capital of Germany Dick Carrick lay back in the corner and laughed.

"I should just like to know how they are accounting for the disappearance of the car and Herr Baumeister's portfolio, and what they thought of those two soldiers when they found them. I'll bet there are some secrets in that portfolio if I could only open it and see. By Jove, I will; I'll open it when it's served its purpose. And now for a little nap till we get to Cologne."

From Brussels to Cologne is a journey of about six hours and a half, and from Cologne to Berlin is another long journey. The saloon was comfortable, and it was passed through the great traffic quickly, being recognised as carrying an important Government official.

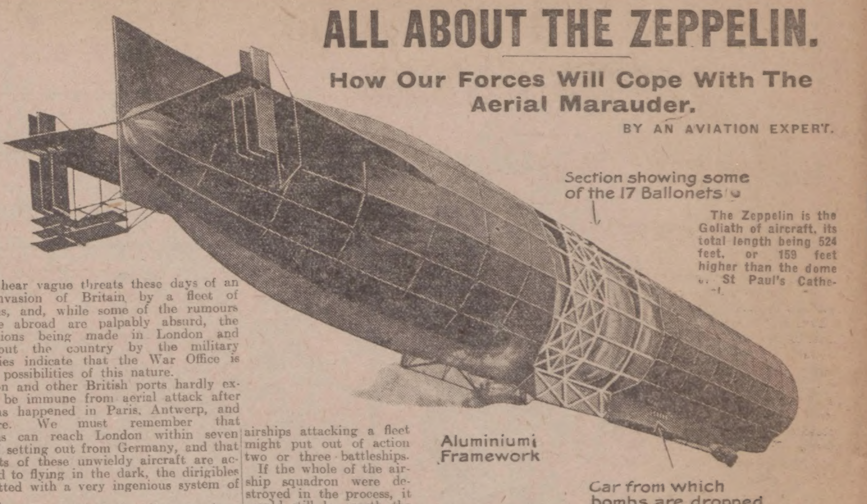
At Cologne Dick woke himself from his nap, opened the carriage door, and stepped out to stretch himself on the platform, wondering how long the train would wait.

But to his surprise, his horror almost, he had no sooner set foot on the platform than he saw standing opposite to him Herr Baumeister himself, with a malicious grin on his face. And behind him stood a file of soldiers!

For a moment Dick's heart almost stood still. The shock, the surprise, might have tried a man of even stouter nerves than his.

Here is a dilemma! Dick Carrick will require all his daring and resourcefulness to escape the trap which Baumeister had laid for him and get through to Berlin to rescue his sweetheart. Next week's chapters tell the price which Dick paid for his pluck and the result of his gallant attempt to spoof the Germans.

ALL ABOUT THE ZEPPELIN.



Section showing some of the 17 Ballonets
Aluminium Framework
Car from which bombs are dropped

The Zeppelin is the Goliath of aircraft, its total length being 524 feet, or 159 feet higher than the dome of St Paul's Cathedral.

How Our Forces Will Cope With The Aerial Marauder.

BY AN AVIATION EXPERT.

WE hear vague threats these days of an invasion of Britain by a fleet of Zeppelins, and, while some of the rumours that are abroad are palpably absurd, the preparations being made in London and throughout the country by the military authorities indicate that the War Office is alert to possibilities of this nature.

London and other British ports hardly expect to be immune from aerial attack after what has happened in Paris, Antwerp, and elsewhere. We must remember that Zeppelins can reach London within seven hours of setting out from Germany, and that the pilots of these unwieldy aircraft are accustomed to flying in the dark, the dirigibles being fitted with a very ingenious system of lighting.

The Zeppelin, which derives its name from its inventor, Count Zeppelin, described by the Kaiser as "the greatest German of the twentieth century," is a rigid, compact structure, capable of being driven at high speed—fifty miles an hour—through the air. It has an aluminium framework, covered with proofed cotton, in which are seventeen compartments, each containing a balloon filled with hydrogen. Close to the keel are two cars, each with an engine driving two propellers. Lifting planes and compound rudders are also fitted.

The German people have great faith in these air monsters. Some little time before the outbreak of war a Berlin newspaper suggested that Germany should build a monster fleet of a hundred Zeppelins, which, while they would cost only as much as one Dreadnought, and would need fewer men, would eventually cause havoc in the enemy's fleet. "With a fleet of a hundred Zeppelins," said the writer, "divided into twenty-five squadrons of four airships each, able to travel over land or over sea for at least forty-eight hours, each airship built for the sole purpose of carrying vast quantities of explosives, Germany would rule the air, and would eventually conquer the sea."

The Most Destructive of Air Machines.

The Zeppelin is without question the most destructive of air machines for war purposes. These aerial dreadnoughts can remain in the air for four days and nights, can fly at a speed of fifty miles an hour, can carry aerial machine guns, and are capable of carrying and dropping 2000 lbs. of incendiary bombs upon a land station.

A Zeppelin not long ago covered a distance of 2040 miles in eighty-four hours, and had fuel remaining for another voyage of sixteen hours. Another airship of the same class has reached an altitude of 5000 feet and has cast down bombs of destructive power within fifteen feet of the point aimed at, while another has hit a target through the air at a distance of 6000 feet.

The bombs that they drop from their armoured iron cages are wonderful creations. A fire bomb made by Krupp sheds a bright light, not only during its flight, but after it strikes the earth, so that the airship gunners are able, even on the darkest nights, to see the objects upon which they wish to centre their shots. Another bomb throws out tremendous quantities of dense heavy smoke that slowly sinks to earth. This smoke spreads out in a great cloud, and gives to the airship cover through which to escape from a point of danger.

One of the bombs dropped by a Zeppelin into Antwerp was of a type designed to penetrate the steel deck of a warship. It had a casing an inch thick, a diameter of ten inches, and a percussion cap loaded with picrite.

Designs on the British Navy.

It seems that such is the weapon which may be used against British men-of-war. The method of attack is obviously to drop explosives upon the deck of a ship. The projectile is designed to penetrate the steel protective deck and explode. In order successfully to accomplish the operation the airship must be flying at a height of some thousands of feet, for if she came lower she would be put out of action by gun fire, or her crew would be picked off by rifle fire.

It is plain that under these conditions the chances of hitting a ship, itself moving at high speed, are not hopeful. But it may be suggested that a fleet of airships might attack a fleet of ships, flying very low, risking destruction, and dropping a large number of explosives.

From the German point of view the destruction of one battleship at the expense of even half a dozen airships would be worth while. It is conceivable that a squadron of airships attacking a fleet might put out of action two or three battleships.

If the whole of the airship squadron were destroyed in the process, it would still be worth the expense, for an airship costs no more than £40,000 or £50,000 to build, and men's lives in Germany do not count.

Germany is supposed officially to possess 20 to 25 Zeppelin airships of about 920,000 cubic feet capacity, but several have been destroyed during the war, and we are now informed that the Zeppelin factory at Friedrichshafen is working night and day to replace these.

Certainly Germany has not hesitated to spend money in perfecting her aerial fighting force. Last year £1,000,000 was spent on aeroplanes and airships, and this sum was raised by imposing new taxes. How much Germany has spent in the past in attaining her present position, so far as dirigibles are concerned, very few know. Seven Zeppelins alone which were destroyed during trials represented something between £200,000 and £250,000.

Handicapped by Want of Pilots.

Our enemy was handicapped considerably by the difficulty of obtaining pilots. Both for the Zeppelins and the Taube monoplanes, so few young men came forward out of sheer love of the adventure of flying that the Government was forced to offer monetary inducements—a sure way to fire the Teuton spirit.

Flying was to be taught free. Constructors taking pupils were to be paid £400 when their pupil gained his certificate. For the first flight of one hour's duration the pupil was to receive £50, and £75 if on a monoplane he carried a passenger. For every extra hour an extra £50 was offered. In addition each pupil was to be heavily insured.

With all these inducements Germany soon had all the pilots necessary, whereupon the benefits were reduced.

Germany has, in addition to her Zeppelins, at least six smaller airships, and as has often been rumoured, there is talk of a powerful secret airship fleet.

In the West Germany has six airship stations—Heligoland, Emden, Hamburg, Dusseldorf, Cologne, and Bremen. Of these Heligoland, Emden, and Bremen are each 400 miles from London, Hamburg is 450 miles, and Dusseldorf and Cologne are 300 miles from the Metropolis.

How Britain Will Meet the Menace.

Now, how is Britain going to meet this menace of the Zeppelin? Well, in answer to that question, we cannot do better than quote the words of Mr Graham White, the famous aviator:—The peril of the foreign dirigible is only to be met by guarding our coasts with well-armed defensive aeroplanes, capable of flight from land or water, and ready to seek the big dirigible in its own element, and put it out of action by the aid of superior speed and manœuvring power.

In the light of this statement, and recollecting that the menace to our fleet of the Zeppelin is very great, it is indeed reassuring to learn that our seaplane fleet is easily the best in the world.

The numbers are not as large as they should be perhaps, but no other Power can approach them. We have a total of between 70 and 80 seaplanes. Among them are flying boats and amphibians, the latter being fitted with both wheels and floats, so that they can alight on land or water, just which happens to be the more convenient.

Some of these seaplanes have a light, quick-firing gun placed right forward for attack or defence. Others are fitted with wireless apparatus—the outfit weighs about 70 lbs.—so that they can report any urgent news to their base right away without descending, and thus save much valuable time.

One of the biggest successes in our fleet of seaplanes is the Sopwith "tabloid" biplane, which can attain a speed of over 30 miles an hour. Its low speed is 35 miles per hour, and climbing speed 1200 feet per minute. The ability of such a machine to out-manœuvre its more clumsy and rigid Zeppelin rival is at once apparent. In the case of a Zeppelin and a Sopwith having an encounter, it would be odds on history repeating itself, and David dealing a mortal blow at Goliath. On the other hand, it must not be overlooked that the rigid dirigible can mount several machine guns; and, having a steady gun platform, can deliver a much better directed fire than the aeroplane.

In addition to these seaplanes, the navy possess about fifty aeroplanes for coast defence work, many of these being able to carry a passenger, and being equipped with bomb-dropping apparatus.

Our Dirigible Fleet.

Then it is not to be supposed that Britain has no dirigible fleet at her command. Already some airships have made their appearance, but official details as to their numbers and qualities are not forthcoming. It is quite within the realm of possibility, however, that the Germans may be greatly surprised when they learn of our resources in this class of flyer. In last year's naval estimates £115,000 was set aside for gun-mountings alone, and it was common knowledge among constructors that most of this sum was earmarked for the armament of ships.

The achievements of our aviators accompanying the Allied troops in France have given renewed confidence to the British public. Here, in what we deemed our weakest point, we have been proved to be strong—strong to such an extent that, in the words of Sir John French, "the British Flying Corps has succeeded in establishing an individual ascendancy which is as serviceable to us as it is damaging to the enemy." Britain, so far as the war has gone, has proved herself mistress of the air as well as of the seas.

The daring raid, also, of Lieut. Collet, who dropped three bombs on the Zeppelin shed at Dusseldorf, proved the excellent mettle of which our aviators are made, and indicate that Germany is going to have no monopoly during the war in bomb-dropping from the skies.

Little Grounds for Apprehension.

Altogether, although our total number of seaplanes and aeroplanes will not exceed 250—excluding dirigibles—we have little grounds for apprehension. It is excellent news also that practically every civilian pilot in the country has volunteered for active service, and that the authorities have accepted them all. The men who, a short while since, were doing tricks in aerodromes are to-day flying for the honour of the country. It means a great influx of strength to our air services, and an added security to the British Isles.

Although Germany has as many aeroplanes as France—between 700 and 800—our ally has been much better served on the field by her pilots. The latter have proved their courage, and already we have heard of many stirring deeds on their part. There is not one of them who would not charge a Zeppelin joyfully in the fact of certain death, so long as he could destroy the hated enemy's airship in so doing.

The airships of France number fifteen, most of which are non-rigid, and some of them have cruised aloft for twenty hours, and have attained a speed of from 45 to 50 miles an hour in favourable circumstances. Russia also is possessed of several hundred aeroplanes, besides a number of airships.

Germany, though individually the first air power, cannot stand against the combined aeroplanes of Britain, France, Russia, and Belgium.

BEHIND THE SCENES IN THE KAISER'S PALACE.

The Emperor William's Private Life as Revealed by a Former Lady-in-Waiting.

INTERESTING and intimate revelations regarding the Kaiser and his household are given in "The Secret History of the Court of Berlin,"* a remarkable book compiled from the diary of Countess Von Eppinghoven, a former Lady-in-Waiting to the Kaiserin.

The Kaiser is not a clever man. He is more concerned in devising methods to deceive the public regarding his fateful left arm than in military manœuvres or policies of State. At school this intimate writer reveals to us that William received no higher degree than "satisfactory"—any other pupil being no more satisfactory would probably have been called incompetent!

A Court official once declared that "the Prussian army never admitted a young man physically so little fit to become a brilliant and dashing cavalry officer as William." The Kaiser has time and again desired to change the Prussian military dress by the introduction in officers' uniforms of a belt. This has been an endeavour on his part to find a convenient resting-place for his poor left hand and arm, which, being about six inches shorter than the right, would attach to a belt unostentatiously. But the belt is so out of harmony with the general style of the Prussian uniform that it has never gained in favour, and so William is on the field to-day without relief to his maimed limb.

It is perhaps not generally known that the dread malady of cancer is hereditary with the Hohenzollerns, and that the Kaiser is afflicted with an ear trouble generally supposed to be of a cancerous nature. His father, the Emperor Frederick, died of cancer of the throat, and it is certainly a fact that the Kaiser has a peculiar predisposition for diseases of the throat.

When the War Lord Flies.

His fear of infection is childish in the extreme. More than once (writes the Countess Von Eppinghoven) have I seen His Majesty abruptly start away from a person with whom he happened to be conversing at a reception or ball, leaving the unhappy lady or gentleman speechless and crushed, because of an innocent admission that a son or daughter, or perhaps an uncle, had the measles or a cold. At the very mention of the fact the War Lord fled like a lion hearing a cock crow.

Once I found Frau Von Kotze in tears behind some shrub in the White Hall, while all around her dancing was going on.

"What is the matter with you?" I inquired. "Can I be of service to you?"

"No, thank you, Countess," she sobbed; "but to think that he said that to me!"

"Who is he, and what did he say?"

"The Kaiser, of course! When he heard that my boy was ill, he remarked, turning on his heel, 'How dare you come to my house under such circumstances?'"

And this is the man who professes to be the patron of culture!

The Kaiser loves his wife, they say; he treats her, at anyrate, just as we should imagine a bully of his stamp would. Read this:—

William seldom speaks to his wife directly, except to say that he likes or dislikes her costumes; and if she asks questions, he answers in a tone that forbids further conversation; quite frequently he does not reply at all, turning his ear towards the Empress and affecting not to hear her.

Little wonder that the Kaiserin is described as the most miserable person of the glittering assemblage at the Court. In her quiet, submissive way she does endeavour to exert some little influence over her sovereign lord and master, but William is impervious to good advice.

A Niggardly Man.

Although an enormously wealthy man, the Kaiser has little grasp of financial affairs. He is very niggardly regarding small sums of money, and keeps a watchful eye on the household expenditure.

One day it was reported that the Kaiser been robbed, and Herr Von der Knese was sent for to ascertain when and of w Hear his report:—On Sunday night, after smoker, His Majesty put the stump o echte (real) Havana cigar into an ash-tra his small toilet-room; to-day (Wednes when he desired to finish it, it was gone, all inquiries among the attendants—kam diener, wardrobemen, lackeys, and chass proved unsatisfactory. His Majesty ther concluded that one of the footmen stole stump, and an investigation followed.

It lasted three days. Then the corpus delicti was found ruined beyond hope of retrieval—at the bottom of a refuse barrel. After seeing it on the dresser for two mornings in succession one of the chambermaids had thrown it away.

Another instance of Royal parsimony is given in the following paragraph:—When it is remembered that "the difficulties of the Exchequer" occasionally interfere with the Kaiser and Kaiserin's predilection for cleanliness—I recall the fact that their Majesties are sometimes unable to obtain clean sheets for their bed—the statement that the Royal servants, men and women, are kept exceedingly short in respect to towels and bedclothes will surprise no one.

William's Likeness to His Mad Cousin.

Is he mad? The question has been asked repeatedly of late, and Countess Von Eppinghovan has much that is interesting to say on the subject. It is well known that the family to which the Kaiser belongs, the Hohenzollerns, is tainted with insanity. His cousin, Ludwig II., King of Bavaria, died insane—and, by the way, the present King Otto of Bavaria is also insane—and the Kaiser's likeness to his mad cousin, in manners, and attitude has before now been commented upon.

"I do not judge the Emperor by exterior signs alone," said a Munich lady to the Countess. "I take the manifestations of his inner life, his relations to his family, to his officials, and to his people, his Government, his attitude toward and his contributions to art, literature, and what not, into consideration as well. And judging him from every conceivable standpoint, I repeat—William II. reminds me exceedingly of his late cousin Ludwig.

"With just such affectation of dignity was the mad King of Bavaria wont to walk in State processions or on public occasions during the last years of his life, when his dementia had become acute. Then the common horde shouted—'Ah, every inch a king!' Just as they do now in Berlin; but those capable of seeing below the surface, and professional men generally shook their heads and talked of megalomania."

* "The Secret History of the Court of Berlin." London: John Long (1s net).

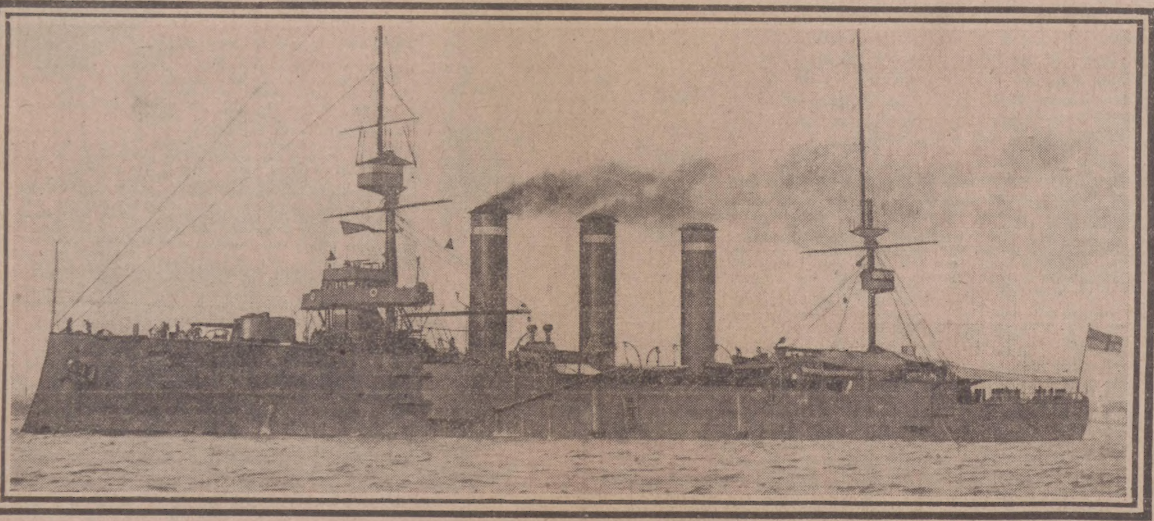
The Post Sunday Special

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1914.

BRAVO, CUMBERLAND!

Prince Adalbert, the German Emperor's third son, whose death has been reported but not confirmed.

It is declared that Dr Lapage, King Albert's surgeon, conducted the autopsy with two German doctors, and found that the Prince had been killed by a German bullet, as had been previously proved in the case of several German officers.

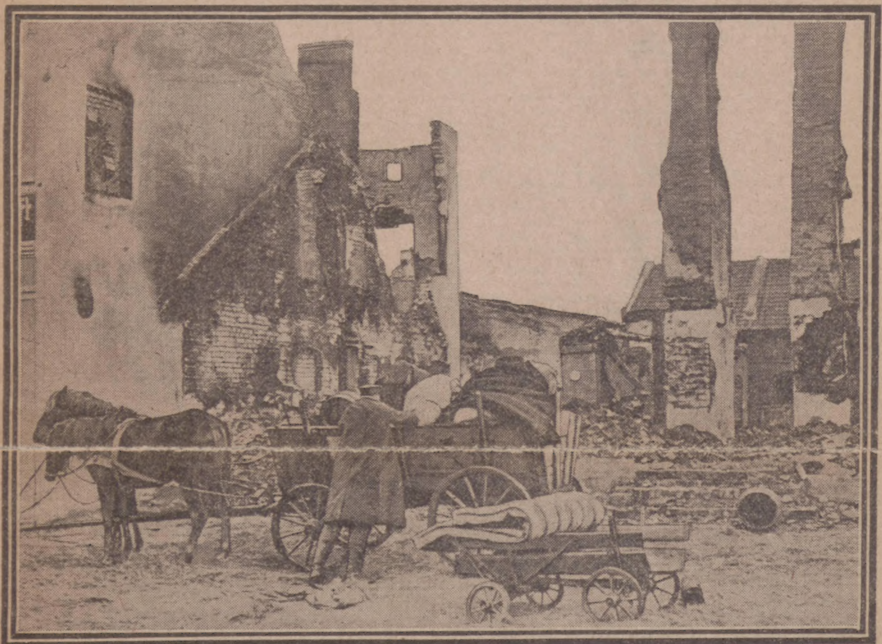


H.M.S. Cumberland (Captain Cyril Fuller), which has captured nine German liners (representing a total tonnage of 30,915) and the German gunboat Soden. This great haul was made off the Cameroon River, in Africa. The vessels contained general outward and homeward cargoes and considerable quantities of coal. H.M.S. Cumberland is an armoured cruiser of 9800 tons, built at Govan, and launched in 1902.

Photo: Russell.

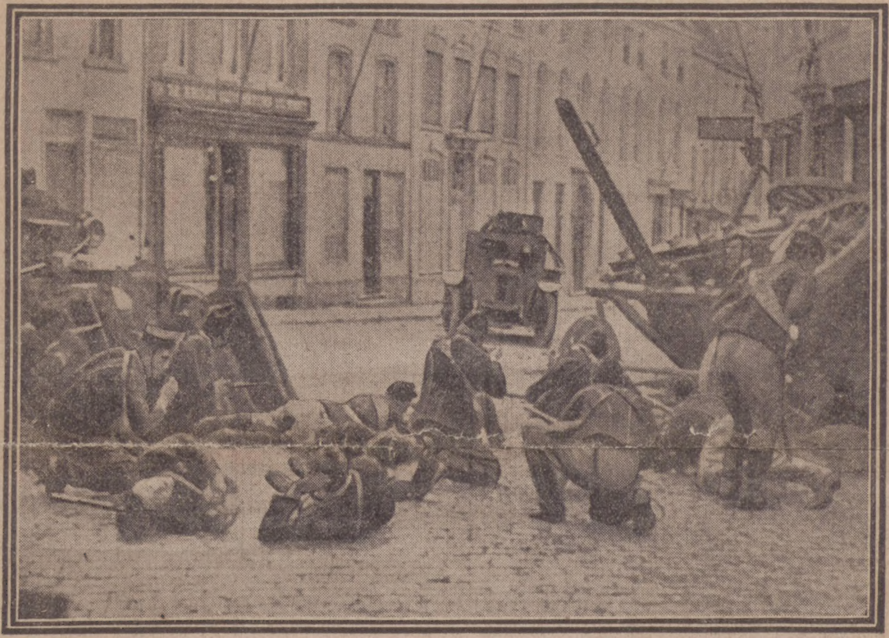
Commodore Rigmala V. Tyrwhitt, who led the attack in H.M.S. Arethusa on the German fleet in Heligoland Bight. Five German warships were sunk. The Arethusa had been commissioned only a few days, and the officers and crew were new to each other and to her.

THIS SPEAKS FOR ITSELF.



The pathetic plight of fugitives returning to their homes after the wanton devastation wrought by the Germans in the name of "culture."

A MERE HANDFUL---BUT PLUCKY!

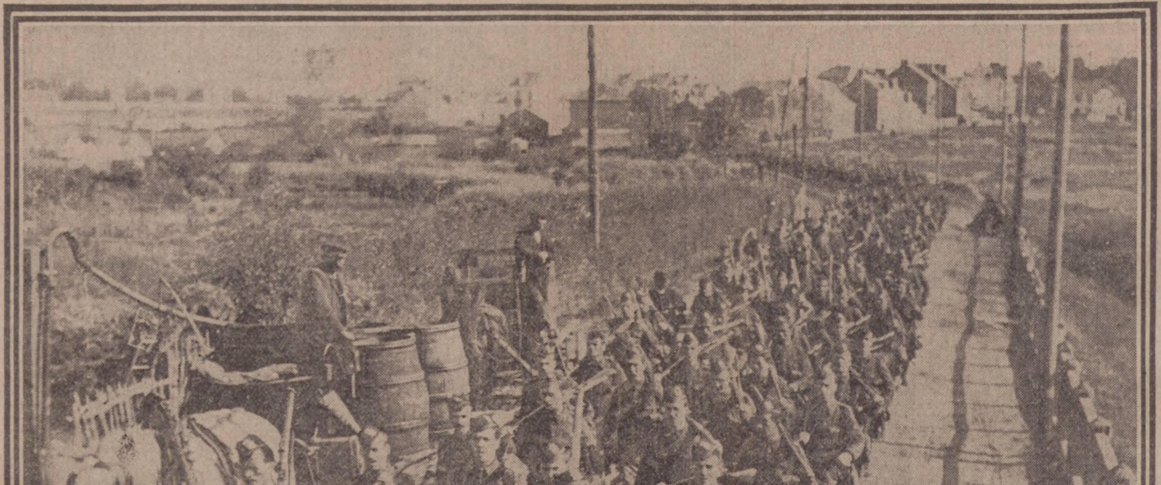


How the brave Belgians fought against German treachery which was directed against soldier and civilian alike. This memorable scene was enacted at Alost.

"IT'S A LONG, LONG WAY TO TIPPERARY."

"KING RAT."

Admiral Tirpitz, head of the German navy, which Mr Churchill says he will dig out of its hole like a rat. The Admiral's son was taken prisoner in the fight at Heligoland.



Highlanders on the march in France. All along the line they are enthusiastically hailed by the French people.

"SAM."

Colonel Sam Hughes, the Canadian Minister of Defence, who will command the Dominion forces, now on their way to the front.

ANOTHER GRAND PAGE OF PICTURES NEXT WEEK.

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THE POST SPECIAL WAR MAP.

French Forts - - -	□	**German Forts - -**	○
French Army Corps Headquarters -	▽	**German Army Corps Headquarters -**	△
Belgian Forts - -	◇	**Russian Forts - -**	⌑

Distance Between European Cities.

London 287 miles from Paris; Paris 674 miles from Berlin; French Border to Berlin, 375 miles; Berlin 398 miles from Warsaw, and 477 miles from Vienna; Russian Border to Berlin, 175 miles; Warsaw to Vienna, 436 miles.

THE WAR OF NINE NATIONS.

Nine nations are participating in the war. Great Britain, France, Russia, Belgium, Servia, Montenegro, and Japan are fighting Germany and Austria-Hungary.

THE ARMIES OF THE ALLIES.

Britain has no system of national military training. The peace strength of our army is 138 000 men at home on the active list, and 146,000 men in the trained Army Reserve. In addition there are Special Reserve, 63,000 strong, and the Territorial Force, 251,000 strong. The regular British forces in India number 78,000 men, and in the Colonies and Egypt 41,000. The strength of the native Indian army is 164,000 men.

With the enlistments since war began, Lord Kitchener contemplates having an army of 1,200,000 men in the field, exclusive of Indian, Colonial, and Territorial contingents.

The total war strength of the British Army, including the Territorials, can therefore be put at 1,881,000.

The British rifle is the Lee-Enfield; calibre .303. The artillery uses a 13, 18, 40, and 60 lb. shell.

The expenditure on the army in 1914-15 was £28,845,000.

France.

The French Army has a peace strength of 730,000 men; the war strength is probably 4,000,000. The French Creuzot light artillery is the best in Europe. The rifle is the Lebel, of .31 calibre. It is not an up-to-date weapon.

The expenditure on the army in 1914 was £57,459,660.

Russia.

On its peace footing the strength of the Russian Army is enormous—1,500,000 men—and the number of trained men who can be called up in war is practically unlimited. Russia can easily call upon 7,500,000. The rifle is a '3-line'' of .299 in. calibre. Russia has a Q.F. shielded artillery weapon which discharges a 13½ lb. shell.

The expenditure on the army in 1913 was £77,780,000.

Belgium.

Military service in Belgium is partly voluntary and partly compulsory. On a war footing the Belgian Army comes to about 350.000. The Civic Guard is composed of about 60,000 men.

Belgium's artillery is of new and improved type, made by Cockerill, the famous engineers. The Belgian rifle is a Mauser.

The expenditure on the army last year was £4,043,850.

Montenegro.

Montenegro can put into the field 50,000 to 60,000 men, who have the Russian "three-line" rifle of 1908 and the Russian artillery gun.

The expenditure on the army in 1912-13 was £180,000.

Servia.

The total number of organised troops Servia has in the field probably exceeds 400,000 men.

The Servian Army is furnished with the Schneider-Canet artillery. The Servian rifle is the 7 mm. calibre Mauser.

The expenditure on the army for 1914 was £191,767.

Japan.

The peace strength of the Japanese Army is 250,000 men of all ranks, but in case of war three times that amount would be put together. The Japanese use the Arisaka-Mauser 6.5 mm. rifle and the 7.5 cm. Krupp gun.

The expenditure for the army for 1914 was estimated at £9,996,607.

THE ARMIES OF THE FOE.

The German army is organised in twenty-five army corps (each about 40,000 strong), with a number of cavalry divisions. On the peace footing it has a strength of 814,000 men; on the war footing 5,000,000 men can be placed in the field. It has served as the model for Europe, and is organised with extreme care.

The infantry is armed with the Mauser rifle of .311 calibre. The artillery has a Krupp quick-firer, discharging a 15-lb. shell. It is much inferior to the French weapon, and the German artilleryman is not so well trained. Their huge new siege gun has been the surprise of the war.

The expenditure on the army in 1913 was £34,637,000.

Austria.

The peace strength of the Austro-Hungarian army is 480,000 men. A total of 2,750,000 men, with 2500 guns, can be placed in the field. There are 210 batteries of field guns, 56 batteries of howitzers, 28 batteries of heavy howitzers, and 45 mountain batteries. The Austrian army use the Mannlicher rifle, model 95, calibre .315.

The expenditure on the army in 1913 was £24,992,000.

NEUTRAL ITALY.

Italy, which refused to join Germany in her war of aggression, has a peace army of about 400,000 men. In war it can be raised to 2,000,000.

It uses the Carcano rifle and the 1912 de Port artillery gun, whose calibre is 7.5 cm.

The expenditure on the army in 1913-14 was £14,222,000.

IN THE BALKANS.

Turkey.

In recent years the peace strength of the Turkish army has been 230,000 men of all arms and ranks. In case of war it would be increased by the gendarmerie, numbering 42,000 men, and by volunteers until it probably reached 460,000 men.

The expenditure on the army is about £7,500,000 annually.

Greece.

The standing army of Greece now is about 60,000 men, but in case of war it can be brought to 350,000 men.

The expenditure on the army was in 1913 £852,000.

Bulgaria.

The first line of the Bulgarian Army consists of 60,000 men, but in case of war can be increased to about 400,000 men.

The expenditure on the army in 1913 was £1,620,000.

Roumania.

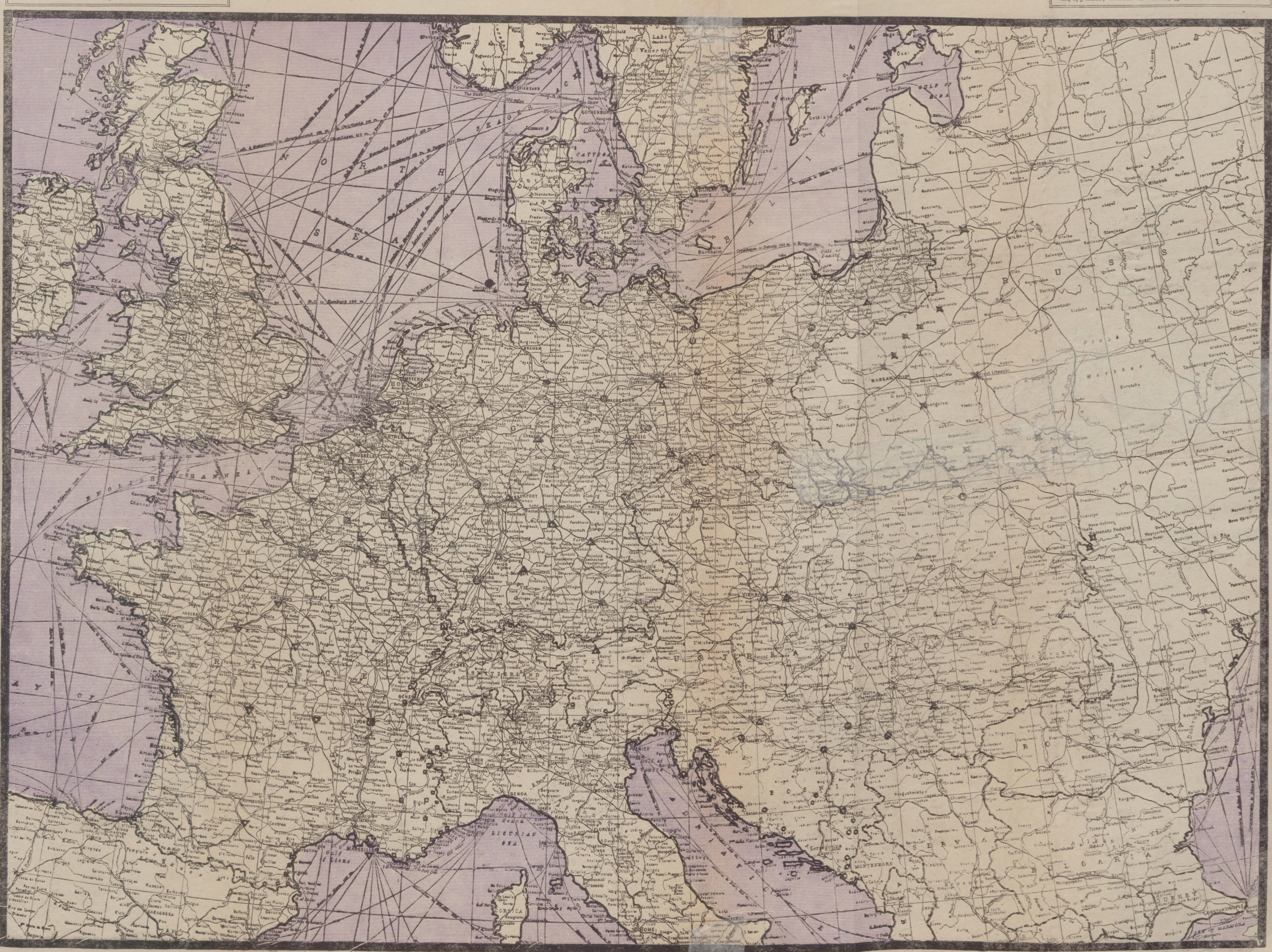
The first line of the Roumanian Army is about 125,000 men, and in war about 850,000 can be placed in the field.

The expenditure on the army for 1913 was £2,800,000.

THE FORTRESSES OF GERMANY.

Germany has a total frontier length of 4570 miles—843 miles along Russia, 1043 along Austria, and 242 along France.

Fortified places of the first class, serving as camps, are at Konigsberg, Danzig (also a coast fortress), Posen, Neisse, Spandau, Neurz, Cologne, Koblenz, Kiel, Strasburg, Ingoldstadt.



The superiority of the British Fleet over the German is overwhelming, as the following figures show:—

	British.	German.
Super-Dreadnoughts, ...	12	0
Super-Dreadnought cruisers,	3	0
Dreadnoughts, ...	10	13
Dreadnought cruisers, ...	5	5
Pre-Dreadnoughts, ...	40	22
Armoured cruisers, ...	34	9
Protected cruisers, ...	15	6
Fast light cruisers, ...	72	37
Torpedo destroyers, ...	225	152
Torpedo boats, ...	109	45
Submarines, ...	75	30

The British Navy possesses the heaviest and best guns, the calibre of which in the super-Dreadnoughts is 13.5, against 11.5 on the best German ships. The peace strength of the British Navy is 151,000 officers and men, with 68,000 in the Reserves. In Germany the peace strength is 79,000 men.

Britain expended on her navy in 1914-15 £51,550,000; Germany in 1913 spent £24,012 605.

France.

France, our ally, is the third strongest naval Power in Europe. The strength is as follows:—

Dreadnoughts (4 completing),	7	Torpedo gunboats,	7
Pre-Dreadnoughts,	19	Destroyers, ...	87
Armoured cruis.,	19	Torpedo boats,	159
Protected cruis.,	18	Submarines, ...	76

The fleet is mostly concentrated in the Mediterranean. It is very efficient in submarines. The peace strength is 66,000 men.

Expenditure on the navy for 1914 was £23,406,367.

Russia.

The Russian Navy is divided into the Baltic and Black Sea Fleets. In the Baltic there are:—

		Black Sea Fleet.	
Dreadnoughts, ..	4	Dreadnoughts, ..	3
Pre-Dreadnoughts,	4	Pre-Dreadnoughts,	6
Armoured cruis.,	6	Protected cruisers, (2 completing),	11
Protected cruisers, (6 completing),	6		
Destroyers,	100		

There is no record of torpedoes and submarines.

The peace strength of the navy is 53,000 men. The expenditure on it during 1912-13 was £18,000,000.

Austria.

Dreadnoughts, ..	4	Torpedo gunboats,	7
Battleships, ..	12	Destroyers, ...	18
Armoured cruis.,	13	Torpedo boats,	63
Cruisers, ...	9	Submarines, ...	6

The expenditure in 1913 was £3,094,000.

Japan.

The Japanese Navy, upon which £5,200,000 was expended in 1913-14, consists of the following:—

Dreadnoughts (3 completing), ..	4	Torpedo gunboats,	4
Pre-Dreadnoughts,	16	Destroyers, ...	52
Armoured cruis.,	13	Torpedo boats,	30
Protected cruisers,	20	Submarines, ...	15

Italy.

Dreadnoughts (2 completing), ..	6	Armoured cruisers,	9
Pre-Dreadnoughts,	9	Torpedo gunboats,	10
Protected cruisers (3 completing),	13	Destroyers, ...	35
		Torpedo boats,	86
		Submarines, ...	25

In 1912 the expenditure on the navy was £7,802,488.

Turkey.

Battleships (old),	2	Destroyers, ...	8
Cruisers, ...	2	Torpedo boats,	9
Torpedo gunboats,	2		

A Chilian Dreadnought and another being built in England were taken by the British Government. Germany sold the Breslau and the Goeben to Turkey at the beginning of the war. Expenditure on the navy last year was about £1,615,000.

Greece.

Since 1911 the Greek Navy has been reorganised and trained by a British naval officer, and consists of the following:—

Armoured cruis.,	3	Torpedo boats, ..	7
Protected cruis.,	4	Gunboats, ...	5
Destroyers, ...	14	Submarines, ...	4

AVIATION.

Combining naval and military air services, Britain has about 250 seaplanes and aeroplanes. Many of these are equipped with bomb-dropping apparatus. Of dirigibles the number possessed by Britain is an official secret.

Germany's Zeppelins.

Germany's fleet of Zeppelins number 17, and are capable of carrying from two to four tons of explosives. She has six smaller airships. In all, she has 30 airships of one sort or another. Of aeroplanes she has between 700 and 800.

France has about the same number of aeroplanes as Germany, and her airships number fifteen.

Information about the Russian air services is difficult to obtain, but she has several hundred aeroplanes, besides several airships.

Austria has a dozen airships and about 100 aeroplanes.

GOLD RESERVES.

Brit'n,	£50,000,000	Japan,	£23,734 000
Germany,	85,000,000	Belgium,	8,000,000
France,	190,000,000	Italy,	17,000 000
Austria,	64,000,000	Servia,	2,000,000
Russia,	305,000,000	Greece,	6,000,000

THE COST OF WAR.

Crimean War, ...	£340,000,000
American Civil War, ...	800,000,000
Franco-German War, ...	621,550,000
South African War, ...	217,066,000
Russo-Japanese War, ...	503 094,000
Balkan War,......................	Not Computed.

The present war is costing Germany £3,000,000 per day.

GERMAN COLONIES.

TOGOLAND, situated on the Gulf of Guinea, between the British Gold Coast Colony and French Dahomey, was the first German colony to surrender to Great Britain. Its area is 33,659 square miles, with a native population of about 1,000,000. One of Germany's principal wireless stations.

German East Africa, which has an area of 384,079 square miles, with a population of 10,000,000. This is Germany's wealthiest and most important colony.

GERMAN SOUTH-WEST AFRICA has an area of 322,348 square miles, and the population is about 120,000.

CAMEROON or KAMERUN.—A German protectorate on the West Coast of Africa, between British Nigeria and French Congo. This territory has an area of about 295,000 square miles, and a population estimated at 3,000,000.

Germany's colonies in the Pacific include New Guinea and some islands in the Samoan group.

In China Germany holds Kiao-Chao, a bay on the east coast of the Shantung province of North-Eastern China. Tsingtau has a resident European population of about 4000.

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